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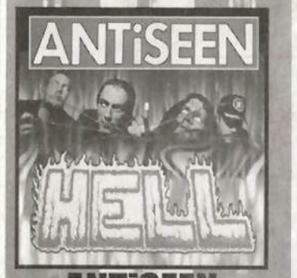

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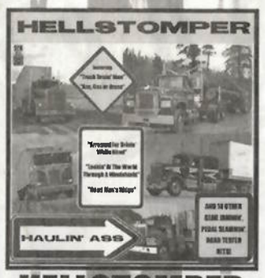

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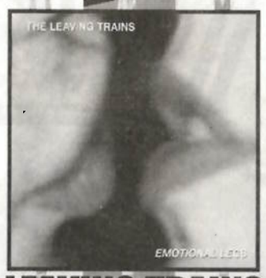

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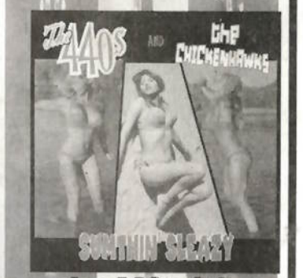

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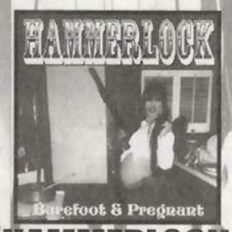

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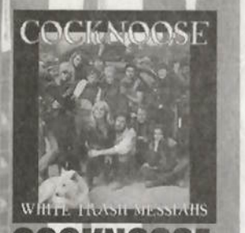

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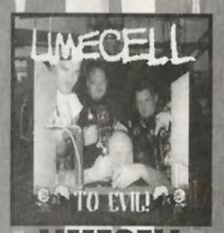

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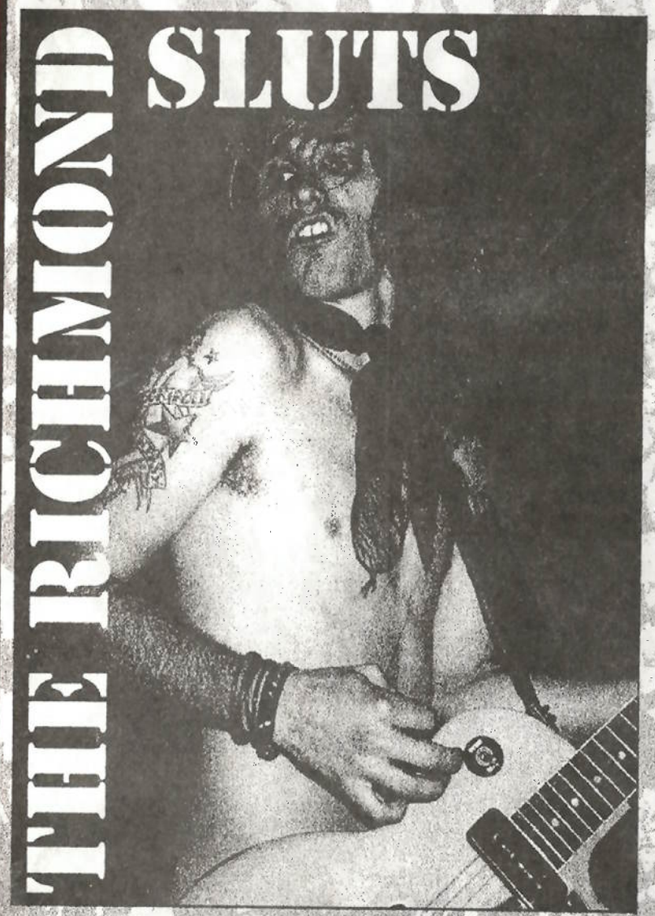

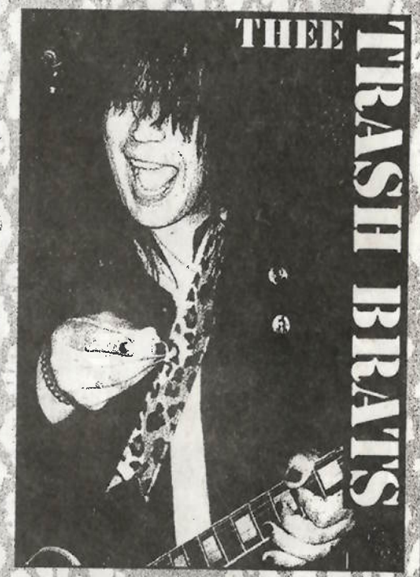

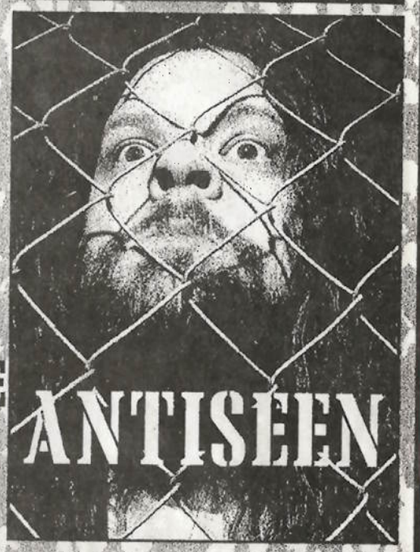

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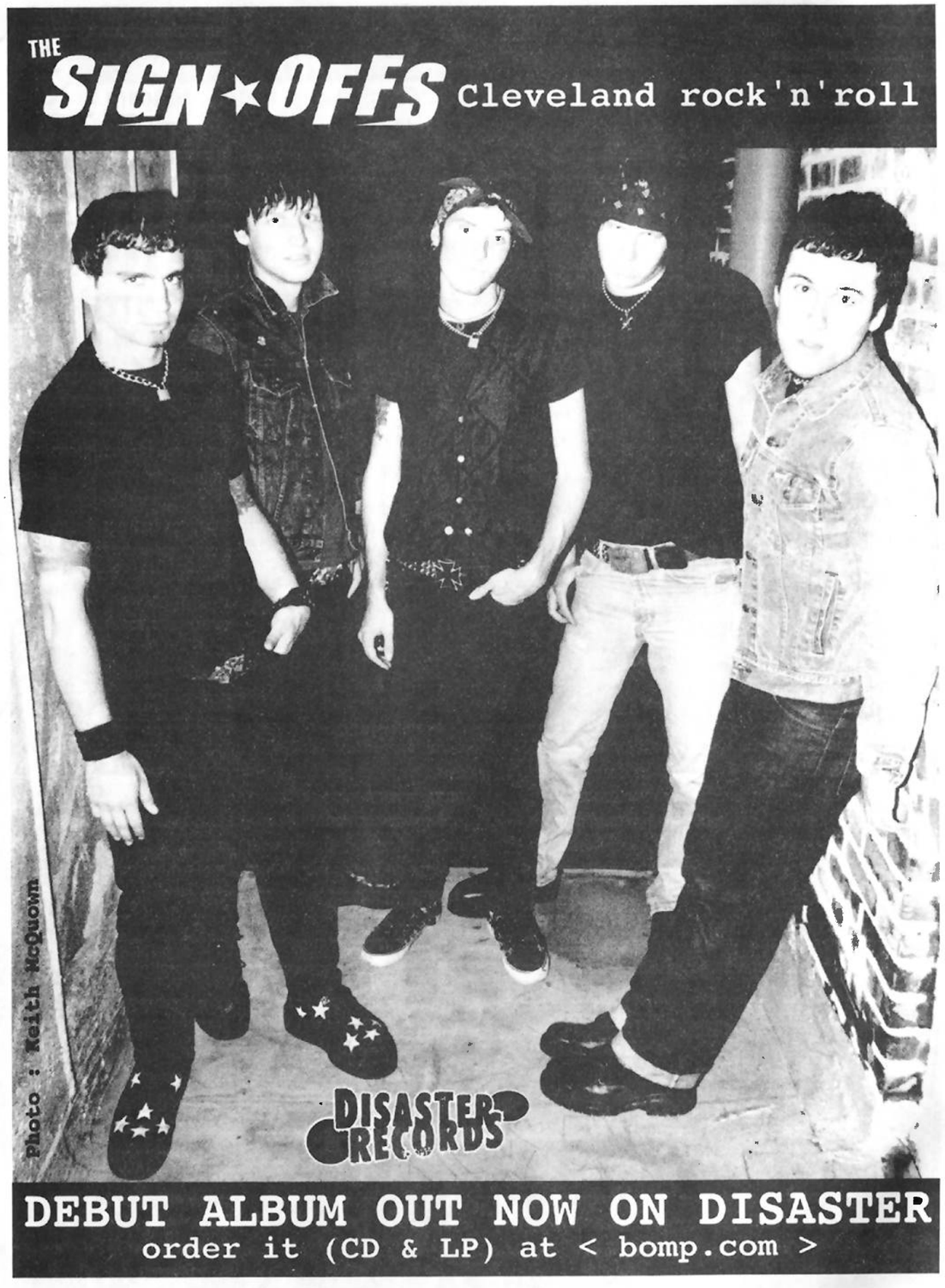
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SONIC IGUANA MAGAZINE

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Jeff Dahl - Editor, Publisher & Smartass
Mike Frame, Maggie St. Thomas &
Tony Reflex - Resident Wallflowers
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DEAL WITH THIS

First I Was Struck Blind... Recently spied in the pages of Playboy, Go Go tart Belinda Carslile stripping bare and looking fairly lovely. When you can no longer sell records or draw people to the latest last, last-ever reunion tour ya gotta keep busy. I guess the silicone, liposuction and plastic surgery paid off. Too bad she still can't sing.

I Vant To Be Alone... Here's a bizarre little trend that has me puzzled. I rarely seem to attend shows by "major label" acts at snazzy venues but at the latest Iggy show the security chimps were banning any cameras from entry. When queried as to the reason I was met with a blank stare and a hollow, "I dunno. Iggy don't want his picture taken." Fuck 'em, coz I snuck a camera in anyway. (Good job boys!) I got one into the last Alice Cooper show as well. It ain't hard to outwit a security monkey on steroids.

I first noticed this "rule" when I shot L7 a few years back when they had the opening slot on an Offspring tour. I had to secure an official tour photo pass and was allotted a mere 5 minutes at stage front to shoot L7 in action. And tho I was not in the least bit interested in capturing The Offspring, but I was instructed not to point a camera anywhere in their direction. I've since been offered passes to several big shows with the same no-camera proviso. I ain't interested. And I've lost a lot of respect for any artist or musician who is playing that little game. I'm sure they'll protest that "they" didn't know, that it was a "management" decision... That's ain't good enough. Take some responsibility and come back down to earth.

Now the questions is: Why? I suppose it has something to do with controlling all images of a product. Music is a product, ya know. It's the same deal as if a can of Diet Coke is glimpsed on TV or slugged down in a movie. Permission must be first obtained and a deal must be struck. I'm sure vast amounts of cash are concerned. It's all economics. It always is. For big mags like Rolling Stone these multi-platinum stars have power of rejection over any images of hem used. If NSYNC don't like their cover shot it ain't gonna be used. I can smell a direct lineage to the Nazi Propaganda Ministers of WW2. God help us all if something as cool as a big chunk o' snot was hanging outta Brittany Spears surgically altered snozz.

However, if you're - in essence - a funky li'l punk band why would anyone care about something as silly and trivial as some kid snapping a couple quick snapshots? Big deal, right? Save that crap for Hootie and/or his Blowfish.

And Then I Went Deaf... Recently noticed (Barely) on Fox TV's putrid teen fest, Boston Public, a gaggle of nubile cheerleader twatz bumping and humping to a sports bar hip-hop version of the Runaways jailbaiter classic, Cherry Bomb. I give 'em points for taste of choice. But I deduct double for the horrid remake.

Get Your Fucking Hands Off Me!... Slam pits. Geez, I absolutely hate 'em. Face it, it's just an excuse for repressed jocks to play touchy feely with other males sans the guilt. Guys, there's nothing wrong with these feelings. Just head down to your local gay bar, relax and let nature take it's course. You can lose the macho posturing and you have loads more fun.

God Is A Berserk Englishman... Unless you're very hip about ancient UK rock n roll info or are a complete studio rat you've probably never heard of Joe Meek. In a nutshell - He was the UK's answer to Phil Spector. He was just as talented, more technically inclined, twice as nutty and weird and he wound up blowing off his landlady's and his own head with a shotgun in '67.

The reason I bring Joe up is that I've been using several pieces of recording technology which he designed. In his day Joe invented many unique recording and processing devices. His records sounded like nothing else released in the UK at the time. He was secretive to the point of blinding paranoia about his inventions and took his secrets to the grave. Recently the mystical voodoo to his equipment has been decoded and, for the most part, faithfully reproduced.

My favorite piece is the Joe Meek VC3. I've got 2 models, the older VC3-V2 and the current VC3-Q. These are basically microphone preamps with compression, eq, phantom power and a phase switch. These are similar but there are slight differences between the two models. One thing they both share is a lovely vintage warmth and attitude. I prefer the Q on drums, keyboards and guitars and the V2 for vocals and bass. The Q seems more straight up and the V2 is a tad twitchy. I like twitchy.

Instead of going into technical specifics I'll just mention a couple of ways I used these in the studio. Using the Q as a bass direct box it is as simple as dialing in the suggested settings and plugging in any bass guitar. I get a great sound every time. I've tried to further eq and processing on a track recorded thru this but it needs very little. As a vocal mic pre I've used good midline mics, AKG, Octava and everyone's fave Shure SM57 on both male and female voices. From whisperers to screamers. Whatever is brought to the table is handled effortlessly. There is a massive amount of front end to boost the volume. You need something in-your-face? This'll do the job. The eq is very musical. Meaning that rather than cranking specific micro-frequencies it brings forth what you need. (Esoteric enuff for ya?) Compression can be hammered or sweetly kissed into place. To my ears, it puts it where it belongs in a mix. And as a direct for a lead guitar it'll give ya a cool 60's style overdrive. Blue Cheer watch out!

Are you looking for something to make a positive difference on your next recording? At between the $225 to $300 price I've seen it advertised, (The used Qs are even less!) from pro studios to portastudios, you can't pass this up.

Suddenly I Could No Longer Speak... Recently assaulted with a rash Rock-Goes-Commercial sightings. Some are kinda cute and cool - Like using T-Rex songs to slog cars and pasta. (It's a pity that Marc ain't here to cash the publishing checks) Others a bit more puzzling - Alice Cooper on local Phoenix TV hawking cars for a dealership here in Arizona. And then of course there are those pillars of sellout, KISS who have reached an all-time level of pathetic greed but introducing their own line of Kiss Kaskets. Astounding that these decrepit old toads are after your cash even when you're dead. One wonders if Cher bought one?

Death By Road... Touring kills bands. Never seems to fail that as soon as a cool young band hits the road for the first time their days are numbered. The latest victim I saw were the sublime Valentine Killers. It's ain't easy out there. A lot of it has to boil down to finances. A show of hands: How many musicians out there have come back from tour with a maxed out credit card and an Everest size pile of bills?

I think every club in town here in Phoenix knows, loves and cares for me deeply, as a result I am always offered free admission to show, if the bands haven't already kindly offered. The only circumstances I will accept a spot on the guestlist is if it's a major label band at an upscale venue. If it's a touring band playing the local den of sleeze I will always, always pay my $5 to $7. The door is usually the only way a road band sees any bux. So I choose to support 'em. What is pretty much the price of a beer ain't much out of my pocket, but a band on the road lives or dies from the few $ they receive at the end of the night. I've seen each Trash Brats living on $3 per day food money! As gasoline, van repairs, bail money and "donations" to the free clinic ate up any thought of further profit. So unless you're blowing the whole band, shut the fuck up and pay the nice man at the door.

Adios, Motherfuckers... Here we are at issue #6. It should be apparent to you that we run on no man's schedule. We publish when we have a big enough pile of cool shit to justify sobering up long enough to cobble an issue together. Deadlines mean shit to us. That just don't seem right, cool or fun. We'll just stumble along at our own pace, babbling incoherently about whatever flashes before our rapidly depleting braincells... Blissfully oblivious to all... TTFN

NEON HEARTS AND DUMB ROCKNROLL

"My true belief about rocknroll-and there have been many phrases attributed to me over the years-is this: I believe this kind of music is demonic. I have seen the rock groups and the punk rock people in this country, and some of their lyrics is demonic. They talk against god. A lot of the beats in music today are taken from voodoo, from the voodoo drums. If you study music in rhythms, like I have, you'll see that is true."—Little Richard

Goddamn folks, the man is crazier than a shithouse rat, but god love him.

Ex Punk Rocker, Where did you go?... Sometimes it is unbelievable to me how far the tentacles of this punk rock monster reach. I can't believe how many "straight" folks I run into all the time who either have punk roots, used to be in a band, etc. Whether it's the lady from the office upstairs who saw the Stooges back when in her words "Iggy was only a boy", the crazy dude from the warehouse next door who is so low key I couldn't believe he used to be the LEAD SINGER for a punk band down in Houston, the guy at the grocery store down the street who flipped out over my Dictators T and proceeded to go on and on 'bout how he used to listen to nothin but the Dolls, Dead Boys, and 'Tators back in high school and how he has been playing the CD reissue of "Young, Loud and Snotty" ever since it came out, or Mr. Corporation from the offices upstairs who comes in one day and lays a copy of Punk magazine #1 on us in MINT condition and also drags in a flyer of an X/canadian SUBHUMANS show from '79. He then proceeds to let us know that he has a copy of "that LEWD single" and a bunch of other stuff that he hasn't looked at in years!! How did this golf T shirt, sandals with socks wearing dude go from there to here??? "Oh yeah, I haven't heard the Undertones in years." Fucking weird! Maybe it's just where I work but this isn't even the extent of it, this is just the craziest

ones in the last year or so. This is a recurring theme all the time and it's kind of cool and sad all at the same time. I just hope that corporate guy lets me go through his records someday...

Vulgar Novelty at 706 Union St... I urge you to see the Sam Phillips/Sun Records documentary "The man who invented RockNRoll" if you haven't already! This is literally one of the most inspiring, life affirming flicks I have ever seen. I came away feeling that the way I feel and think about music is absolutely 100% right. If you are a Sun fan you will definitely find out some things you never knew. Sam Phillips is a mad genius! Of course you already knew that, but it will be proven here. He wanted to start the first all negro radio station, but the FCC wouldn't let him. So what does my man do? Starts up WHER the first all women's radio station! If he can't say fuck you one way he finds another. Tonz of great quotes scattered throughout as well, here's a coupla my faves:

"What we did at Sun was SIMPLE, but it was not EASY, not just anyone could do it"—Jim Dickinson (I've been trying to articulate that statement for years)

"99% of my records were done in one take!"—The Killer

Hot damn, see this movie! Watch A&E it pops up there from time to time.

Stick This In Your Fuse Box... Hot Damn, I just fell in love with High Voltage all over again!! Ridin on the train home from work, I figured what the hell a little AC/DC will do me just right. I pop it in and whaddya know, it's like hearing it for the first time all over again! Sonofabitch, that bagpipe, in "Long Way To The Top..." fucking works! I love that, when you put on the exact right thing for that moment in time and the world just makes SENSE for a few minutes. There's nowhere else you'd rather be or anything else that you'd rather be doing. It's one of the few thrills this jaded prick has left and it's a good one. It's never too loud for a rocknroll crowd as my man Angry says.

Distillers rule, OK?... Just thought I'd add on a quick note to hip some of you oldsters, jaded fucks, elitists, and pretentious cocksuckers to a FANTASTIC band and record you may have missed. This is only for you MUSIC FANS not the ultra snotty-I can't possibly buy/like something on THAT label-indie rock dipshits. Y'all can go hang out on the street with the crusties with that bullshit! The DISTILLERS lp on Epitaph is a crusher!!! Without a doubt the best straight ahead punk blast I've heard in 5 years. Amazing songs, great lyrics and an all out punk assault! Kick ass crisp but nice N raw production makes for a record that sounds great without being too slick or too lo-fi. To top it off lead screamer Brody Armstrong howls with so much passion, fire, soul and fury it blows me away time and time again!! Truly one of the great voices of all time! Good show Epitaph! I seriously cannot hype this record enough. Go get it punk rocker.

ADVENTURES WITH TONY

I was flipping through the newspaper when my then three year old daughter asked, "Daddy, what's that?" and I knew I was sunk. A pristine print of Richard Lester's "A Hard Day's Night" was playing and it was way across town. We, of course, went. It was great, and we hand a fabulous time. She listened to the early Beatles pretty faithfully and knew all the songs. People in the theater laughed and said, "How cute." I didn't though, I knew she'd be hammering on her harmonica within three hours and doing the best John Lennon possible for a three year old girl. I take her music pretty seriously; it's not cute. She means it, man.

That's pretty much how it is with my kids. They both dig rock. Among the first twenty phrases they both learned was "rockandroll" or its variation "rockyroll". Both my daughter, who is now five, and my son, who is two- were in utero when their mom and I went to see the Gaza Strippers over the years. I don't know much about prenatal exposure to rock. They say kids that have prenatal exposure to classical music are little geniuses later in life. Toddler Einsteins. I dunno. Mine are pretty sharp even if they prefer Rick Sims to Mozart.

The Beatles were just the "gateway drug" to what has come to pass. A couple of Beatle cover bands played in the park. That solidified it. We had to go see Josey and the Pussycats After that she spent a few weeks with a toy guitar- wearing ears and a tail. Some parents want to see their kids grow up to be lawyers or doctors. Not me.

My daughter has been to a few smaller scale events. She saw At The Drive In back when they were in their "going nowhere" phase. They played in a record store around the corner. On another day she heard loud rock music blaring around the corner and dragged me toward the sound. A band of fifteen year old punkers were playing a backyard party. It was like a zoo. She loved it. She's seen my band a few times- at a couple of NA events that were almost like going to a picnic, once at the Troubador, assorted practices. She even insisted in coming down when we recorded the new ADZ album. When we listened to the playback a few weeks later there was some weird muffled voice in there. Bruce finally figured out that it was my daughter singing along. She was about ten feet away from the microphone doing her daddy imitation. I took both she and her brother to a street festival where they saw The Hangmen and The Super Bees.

I remember when the big day came. The big first concert request. "Dad. I want to see the Offspring." I wanted to cry tears of joy. "Thank you, Lord, that it's not Mariah Carey or Brittany Spears." So we went to see the Offspring and TSOL a couple of times. It was great, but having witnessed a few things I thought I'd outline some tips for good times with kids at punk rock shows:

Ear plugs. Kids have smaller ear canals than adults so that the likelihood of hearing damage is increased. Any parent that doesn't plug those ears has no right having children in the first place. It only takes one exposure to loud noise to destroy an adult's hearing for life. It's amplified-pardon the pun-for kids.

Common Sense. Find a secure place, either a seat or a confined area where the idiot potential is lowered. Stay away from the boneheads that want to slam into each other and avoid the area where there are a bunch of drunk knuckleheads. They aren't looking out for you or your kid. I prefer places with seats because there is a boundary where people don't cross. It's also smart to know the club well before you go so you know if it is too unstable for a child to attend. Slam dancing is stupid. It's as bad as letting them play football. Don't encourage your kid to participate in it.

A safe distance. Keep your child nearby at all times. Getting lost in a crowded place is no fun. Rock and roll can be dangerous and unpredictable, and there is always the potential for a hassle or a wig-out. Keeping your child close by guarantees you can both take off whenever necessary.

Set an example to follow. Teach them respect and dignity. Clap and encourage bands you like. Show them that it's cool and OK to pay another person a compliment. You don't like a band, split. Show your child how to walk away when they don't like something. They'll get by in this world so much easier if they learn how to transfer the concept of respect. I saw one dad heckling a band. Beside showing his son what an idiot he was, he also got his nose broken. I felt so bad for that kid having to see his dad get hurt. A lesson was learned, I guess.

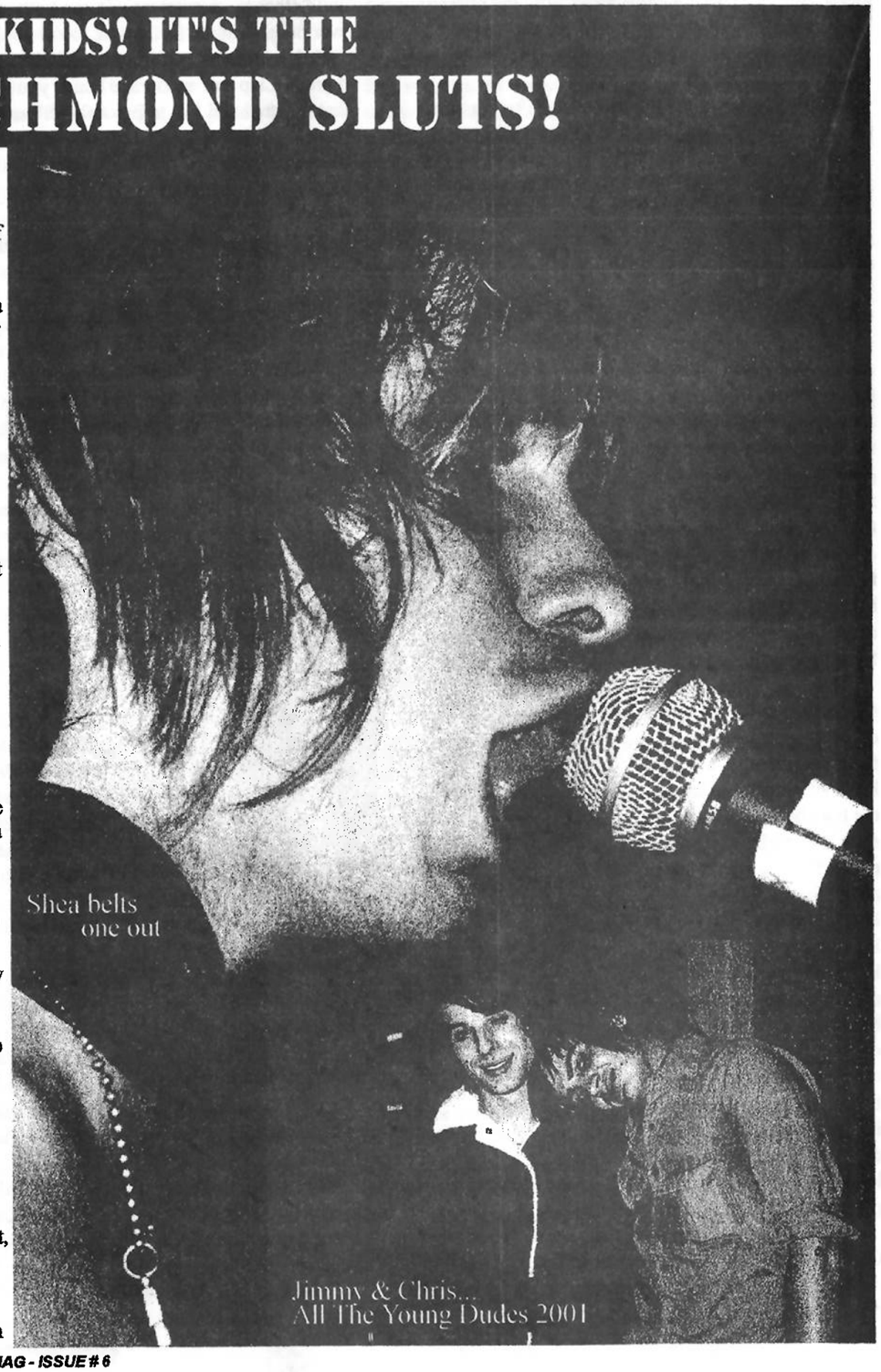
Open up the communication. Talk to them about what they are experiencing and answer their questions. Try explaining a bouncer to your kid! It can be awkward explaining why people behave the way they do- especially people who are loaded or drunk. I've had family members criticize me for bringing my children to a place where people are getting high but I've simply responded that they see more drunk people at family gatherings like weddings than they do at rock shows.

I really don't suggest taking kids to punk rock shows is a good idea. It's not, especially for small children. I've learned there are times where it can be fun. I just keep in mind that their safety is the most important thing. If it ain't a good idea, I don't stick around.

My two year old son told me he wanted a pair of pink shoes. I tried to talk him into a blue pair but he insisted. I was going to press the issue, but then I thought better about it.

Who knows? Maybe he'll start a band like the Trash Brats one day.....

HEY KIDS! IT'S THE RICHMOND SLUTS!



The Richmond Sluts came into town riding a wave of hype and grand expectations. A sure recipe for a let down but for once the band lived up to the buzz.

The Rich-Sluts have been In tha flesh this San Francisco band makes an impression right from the get go. Stacks of Orange amps, a real, live Leslie speaker setup for the keyboards, these pale men from the north sporting vintage Small Faces era shag haircuts have a lot of style. All very exotic for li'l ol' Phoenix.

And courtesy of an unabashed, over-the-top write up in the local rag, complete with pouting photos and a headline proclaiming, *Cheap Dates!*, the club is packed with hot, horny, sexy females - the likes usually reserved here in

Phoenix for Beat Angels shows. There will be no slam pit of toothless jock on this occasion. Check you testosterone at the door, boys... Thank God!

After a wild shambloic set by The Daggers, The Rich-Sluts take the stage and proceed to just burn the place to the ground. Strutting walls of guitars vamping across classic brit-blues riffs... Reminding me fondly of the likes of The Pretty Things and Humble Pie - bands which are near and dear to my black leather heart... the likes of which guided my misspent youth! - and are served up with plenty of swaggering snot-n-attitude while liberally laced with penetrating hooks and melody. And plenty of sssssex!

And while we desert rockers are layered in our leather jackets to stave off the first Arctic blasts of the November Arizona winter the Rich-Sluts begin to complain about the "heat" and start stripping off their stage finery until the majority of the band are shirtless and dripping in sweat! When the singer, Shea Roberts, asks, "Is my ugly skinny body making you sick?" there is an enthusiastic surge of females to the stage front. I guess we know the answer to that question!

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'TWAS BRILLIG AND THE SLITHY TOVES DID GYRE AND GIMBLE IN THE WABE
WHOOT
I SAID EAT SHIT
NOW ON WITH THE SHOW!!!
NO DOUBT ABOUT IT!!! I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT IT!!! ALCOHOL!!!
THAT IS MY DESTINEEE
BARTENDER- FOUR MORE BEERS!
PULL HIS FUCKIN TAIL OFF~ I WANNA SEE IF IT GROWS BACK!
AY'LL GIT THUH FUCKEN THANG!
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1) Ricky Rat - you da man... no, no... you da man... no, no...
2) Everybody needs a friend. Brian Brat and an LES Stitches spell double trouble.
3) Craig Cashew having a soulful moment. Drummers always get the girls...
4) What, me worry? Portrait of one suave, smooth mutha!

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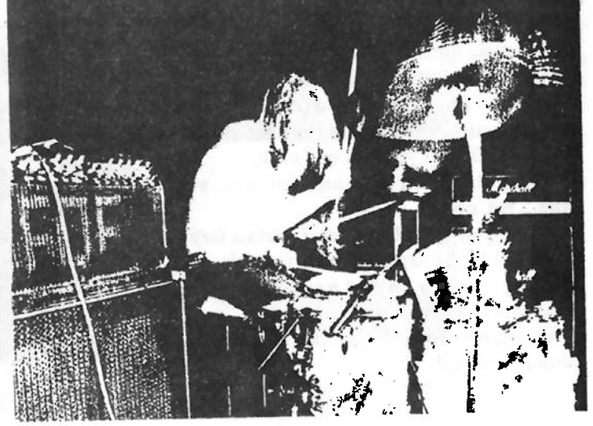
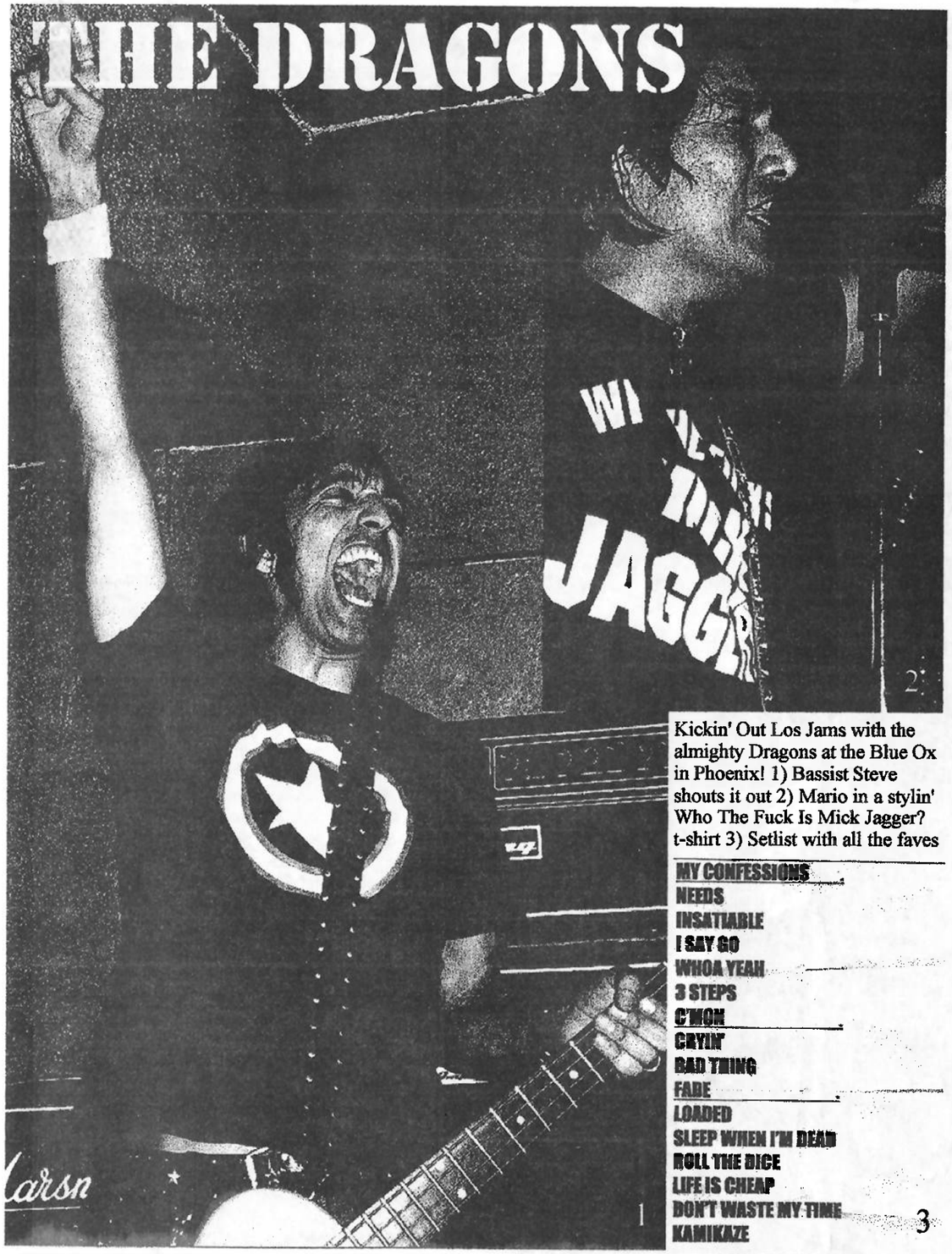


THE DRAGONS



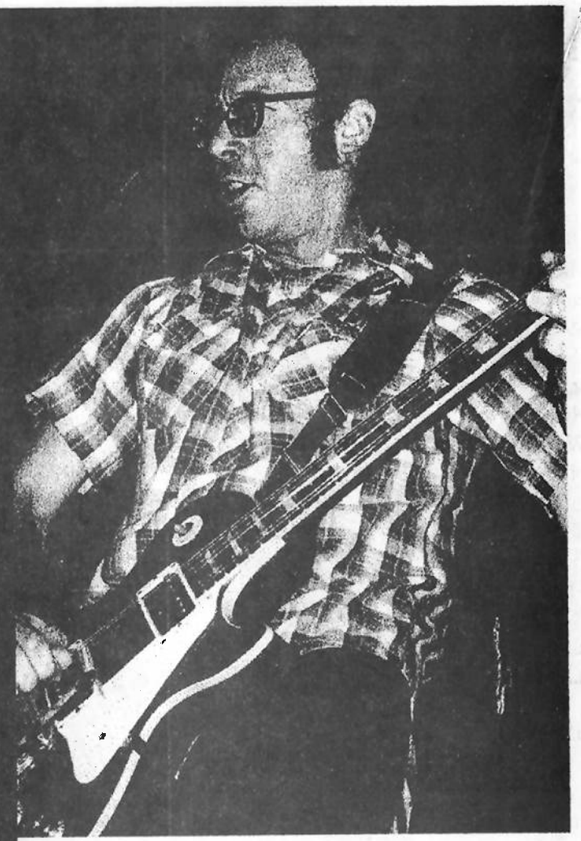
Kickin' Out Los Jams with the almighty Dragons at the Blue Ox in Phoenix! 1) Bassist Steve shouts it out 2) Mario in a stylin' Who The Fuck Is Mick Jagger? t-shirt 3) Setlist with all the faves

MY CONFESSIONS
NEEDS
INSATIABLE
I SAY GO
WHOA YEAH
3 STEPS
C'MON
CRYIN'
BAD THING
FADE
LOADED
SLEEP WHEN I'M DEAD
ROLL THE DICE
LIFE IS CHEAP
DON'T WASTE MY TIME
KAMIKAZE

THE HANGMEN
OUTTA THE NOOSE

Just as a band reunions can be ugly, unsatisfying affairs, a return from the dead can often be altogether even more sordid. On the other hand, a triumphant second coming is truly a sight to behold. Of course, these resurrections are few and far between.

Take the curious case of Bryan Small: In the late 80s his band The Hangmen break out of the Los Angeles-Sunset Strip club scene in a huge way. In short order they get signed to a big time record contract with Geffen, record and release a brilliant debut album, tour far and wide, record a second album with Radio Birdman Rob Younger at the production helm, and then.... go down in a haze of dope and drama, get dropped from their record deal, break up and disappear. Never to be seen or heard from again.



Well, that last bit is how the story usually goes...

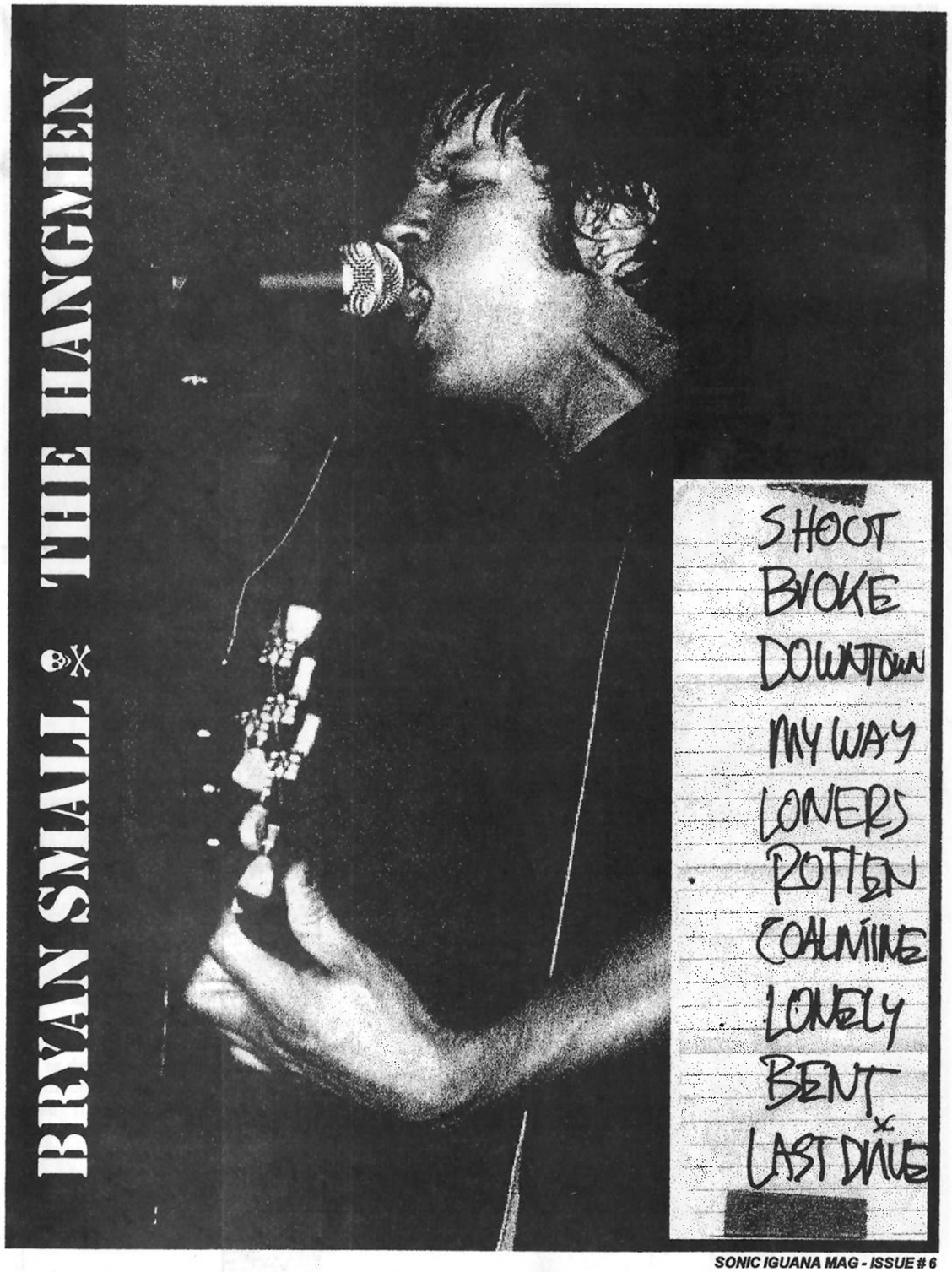
Luckily, Bryan Small eventually got his literal and figurative shit back together, pulled a new lineup into shape - rerecording much of that still unheard 2nd album - release the impressive and rocking results and are now currently storming clubs and halls across the land.

Their recent show in Phoenix, sharing the stage with our esteemed friends, The Dragons and the Supersuckers, saw the band play a stripped down, raw boned hi-energy assault. Old videos I've seen of the Stooges had the same kind of power and purpose. No bullshit rock n roll played with plenty of fire. And Bryan looks great for someone who has been to the rim of hell and back.

After the show I had a chat with Bryan who said that he has heard that Courtney Love has been burning umpteen copies of that unreleased 2nd album for her Hollywood actor scum friends. Hilarious shit... Oui?

Don't ya just love a happy ending?

Top - on low slung guitar... Jimmy James
Left - on vintage Hagstrom bass... Angelique
Right - Mr Bryan Small, rock n roll ghost
Right Inset - Setlist, favorites new and old...



THE BEAT ANGELS -VS- NIKKI SUDDEN

1

A Wednesday night show in Phoenix will usually be a lonely event. Such was not the case when (X-Swell Map & Jacobite) UK legend Nikki Sudden rode into town for a highly anticipated show with the latest new, improved version of the Beat Angels. It seemed like every glam-trash rocker worth his or her green eyeshadow and black stretch jeans was in attendance and anxiously awaiting the first note.

2

After what has seemed like a rather long hibernation the Beat Angels hit the stage for the first time in months and slammed into their loudest, most powerful and most fun set I've seen in a couple years. New bassist Kevin Pate is actually a former BA returned to the fold and clean shaven drummer AD is solid and just plain ferocious. This x-Iggy skinsman definitely kicks up the power factor a notch or two in the BAs powerpop. The mainstay triumvirate of Brian-Michael-Keith (Vox-Guitar-Guitar, respectively) were as good and wild as ever despite Brian nursing a flu (The "Beer-flu?") and Keith hobbled with a nasty bout of blood poisoning. The show must go on, as they say.

As wild and powerful as the BAs were, Nikki Sudden and his band, dubbed The Last Bandits, were focused and restrained. Rockin', to be sure, but with a dangerous dark quality. That delicious slo-burn of Tonights The Night era Neil Young. Nikki's European rhythm section of Joe Armstrong on bass and Stephane Doucerain on drums deliver a tight Watts/Wyman base that smacks ya in the groin each and every time they hit that backbeat. X-Panther Burn guitarist Claudine Fires has been filling in for the last couple shows after the original tour guitarist flipped out in NYC, had to be locked up in Bedlam, and was eventually put on a plane back home to Australia! To repeat, the show must go on. Claudine does an admirable job on just a couple rehearsals and spits forth a wall of twang, distortion and reverb as Nikki spins his tales of lost loves and life's sometimes curious journeys. One aspect that caught me off guard was that Nikki is a damn fine lead guitarist! After seeing him lay back when playing with such geetar heros as Dave Kusworth and Freddy Lynxx, our Mr. Sudden can really lay it out there as well! The band manoeuvered their way across a sampling of such Nikki/Jacobite classics as Aeroplane Blues, Fortune Of Fame, Road Of Broken Dream, Countess and, of course, The Last Bandit. I should also mention a great cover of the Faces, Stay With Me done up ala Marc Bolan.

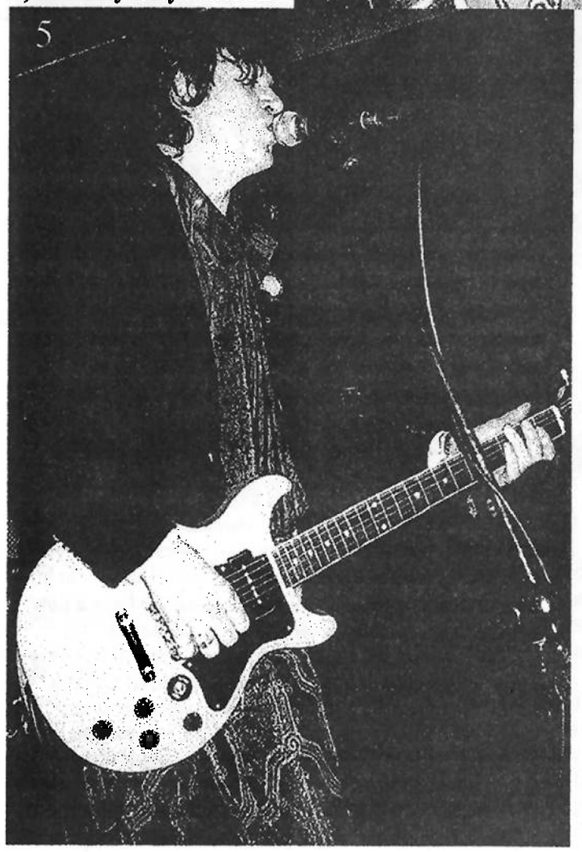
A middle-of-the-work-week show or not, the packed crowd stays until last call at the bar is announced and the final faint note fades away.

Best goddamn show of the year thusfar. Hands down.

1) Nikki shares a drink and a joke with Brian Beat Angel
2) BA axeman and resident sex symbol Michael Brooks
3) Rock out! Claudine, rock out!
4) SC Dagger's guitarist, Davey gives Nikki a hug
5) Nikki stylishly in action

3

4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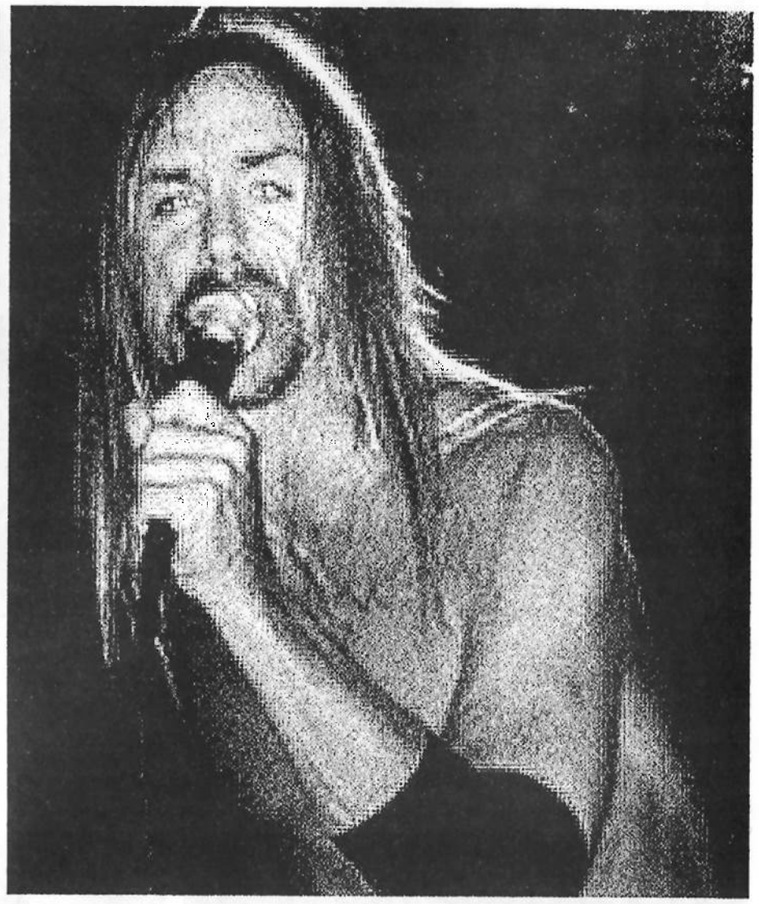
IGGY POP
RETURN OF THE REPTILE



It's 100 degrees in the shade and I'm standing in line to see Iggy Pop. The venue is called the Cajun House and I can most kindly describe it as a House Of Blues wannabe. This is the kind of soulless pit that makes it's weekly nut on Van Halen and AC/DC "tribute" band. Tribute to what? But tonight is the real thing - Stooge Boy #1, Iggy Pop.

There is a "No Camera Rule" in effect so I smuggle one in anyway past the always vigilant security goons. It's like trying to outsmart monkeys, I swear...

Entering these hallowed grounds reveals a local band sadly trying their best to bring Nirvana back from the dead. Nice try. It's over kids, move on.

The sound quality has that lovely airplane hanger 125 decibel mush. And while the place holds about 1000 it appears to be a bit over half full.

After being inflicted to FOURTY-FIVE FUCKING MINUTES of the worst fucking Korn and Marilyn Manson jock rock, three obviously hired guns take the stage and begin riffing. Suddenly the tornado known as Iggy Pop explodes onstage. Long stringy, greasy white-trash hair hangs across an ancient, wrinkled face. Sinewy muscles with bulging veins straining beneath skin tanned to the point of looking more like beef jerky than human flesh. He looks like something dug up in an Egyptian tomb. Still, for a mummy, he looks great.

The first three songs are all new and I don't recognize a note. One particularly horrible tune has a distinct industrial-rap-metal feel. I feel my balls crawl up inside me. Thankfully, what follows is a great selection of Stooge and solo classics: Raw Power, Death Trip, Down On The Street, The Passenger, Lust For Life... Now I Wanna Be Your Dog is played safe but proficiently. The backing band does what they were taught and plays the notes, tho without a lot of spirit or fire. And this being the first show of a world tour there are loads of missed cues and fuck ups. Who are these guys? Who cares. Just stay outta the way, chump. We come to an Iggy show to see Iggy, not his band. And we come to hear those fuckin' Stooges songs. Tho, oddly enough, I Got A Right elicits a dead, dumbfounded response from the crowd... Too obscure for the masses?

Ahhh... The crowd. Please indulge me. Let's make fun of the crowd for a bit. In a previous Dictators article I stated that the mighty Dics had the ugliest crowd I've ever seen. (And this would include both Blue Cheer and Motorhead audiences also!) Well folks, we have a new winner. Iggy, without a doubt, has a fan base of the ugliest fucking mutants I have ever laid eyes on. Every trailerpark within a fifty mile radius must be been in attendance. And not only that, these were weird and truly nasty, mean people. The slam pit was rivaled only by those of Fear concerts I saw in Huntington Beach during the early 80s.

Besides the usual assortment of jocks and dirtbags, here is a short list of some of the more interesting creatures I felt compelled to make note of for your amusement:

A young Chicano girl of approximately 4 foot tall x 4 foot wide dimensions on some combination of hallucinogenic drugs which had her spinning in a dangerous dervish, flailing against and inflicting great harm to all that came within her orbit. It takes 10 huge security weasels to wrestle her to a stop and "escort" her from the premises.

One of your proto computer nerd types, of which every office or classroom has at least one. Pocket protector, horn rimmed glasses, overbite... A caricature, for sure, but with all the telltale accruements. What stood him out from the crowd was his rage. He was shaking with it. Teeth and fists clenched and trembling. Eyes fixed and glaring. This was one angry little fucker.

The girl with a grand total of three teeth who would jump up and down screaming "Rock And Roll" as her tube top slipped south to reveal a sagging set of National Geographic grade cans which might have seen better days years ago. This exercise was repeated until someone actually complained to security who asked her to stop it.

I was standing next to a couple who had to weigh in at 600 lbs between them. As the club got hotter and the crowd grew more animated they began to sweat. Rivers or slimy, greasy, stinking perspiration squirted out of their pores, spraying up against me over and over. I was slathered with it. I had to move before I puked.

On the other hand, there was the proto stripper babe that jealously guarded over by her fuming hair metal boyfriend. Who, with rippling steroid induced uber muscles would flatten anyone who got within a foot of her with an aggressive shove. Anyone who happened to brush up against her, even in such close quarters, got punched. I wonder what he does when she's grinding to Def Lepperd and issuing lapdances at work?

Okay, back to our hero, Iggy! One thing that must be said for our favorite reptile, is that he sure is having fun tonight. And he can still move. If you're under the British misconception that Sid Vicious invented Pogo dancing, think again. Iggy was bouncing around like that when the Sex Pistols were still listening to the Bay City Rollers and he's still doing it today. Climbing up the PA speakers, hanging from cargo netting, diving into the audience for a little skull surfing. The man never stops moving. All the while with a great big smile plastered across his ragged features. He's still Iggy and he's still having fun. God bless him.

After an all Stooge encore I drive across town to a favorite local dive which is infamous for allowing underage punx entry with little regard for legal ID. Seeing as how most of the crowd are arriving from the Iggy show I catch snippets of conversation among one group of teen-grrrlz after another. The main topic of discussion? "Gee, that Iggy sure has a cute ass!"

SONIC IGUANA MAG - ISSUE # 6

ANTISEEN

Jeff Clayton is an intimidating motherfucker. He strikes one hell of an imposing figure from across the room that's for damn sure. Then you start talking to him and you realize he's one of the most down to earth, sincere rocknroll fans you've ever met. I found this to be the case with all the members of ANTiSEEN in fact, a goddamn bunch of nice folks who love rocknroll and love wrestling and just downright enjoy the hell out of themselves. Kinda seems strange that this would be such a rarity these days, but I find it pretty damn scarce. I am continually seeing people who have no sincerity, no heart and no class playing the tough rocknroller role. Those fools can't even tie Clayton's boots. ANTiSEEN outclasses the rest of the crew in a second. They CARE about their songs, their show and their records and it just oozes out of em especially in the live setting. They are a goddamn rare breed and I hope you all realize how lucky we are to have em around.

When I sat down with Clayton and Young to do this interview I realized very quickly that I was not dealing with any sort of bullshit here. What I got was a coupla guys who have been doing this shit longer than most anybody left standing these days. A coupla guys who are downright hospitable and true FANS. Whether you're talking 'bout Roky or the Alice Cooper Band their love of the stuff they are into shines right through. A coupla world class cats who are incapable of bullshit. They also come off like they are some damn fine parents as well. Imagine growing up with Jeff Clayton as your dad, wouldn't that fucking rule? I wish more parents would be as open minded and laid back as these two seemed. Nice to see a couple of cats who are willing to put in the work and raise those little ones up right. We need more like em with all the little fuckin brats runnin 'round these days. But back on the musical side of things, ANTiSEEN are also one of the few bands(and I mean few as in I can count em on one hand) who not only consistently pick GREAT cover songs, but also pull em off with style and class. The bottom line is that they fucking BELIEVE in what they're doing, a trait that is in VERY short supply these dayz, even in the underground.

It looks like they may be on the brink of having things going their way finally after these years. Now that they are signed to San Francisco's TKO Records, they finally have a good sized label behind them that can give em the support they need as they continue to piss off the hipster elite and excite all of us non scenester alienated freaks. I am goddamn glad they're in our corner and I know they'll never change. We need em around and even though all the "open minded" punk rockers are VERY easy to piss off, it never ever stops being FUN!! I hope ANTiSEEN will be around for another 20 years playing their simple, rockin brand of FUCK YOU rocknroll, I know I'll be keeping my ears peeled to see what else they've got up their sleeve, I don't think we've seen the finishing move yet and hopefully it will be a long time comin.

How did the deal with TKO come about?

Clayton: I was talking to Jami Wolf from Mans Ruin about possibly doing our new album and she said that their schedule for stuff coming out was just way, way too long. It would just be pushed back too far. We had been so out of the loop with bigger labels, we had been doing stuff with Baloney Shrapnel and Steel Cage, and we didn't really know any other labels except for those two. So, Jami told me just to drop TKO a line. I had seen their ads in all the magazines, but I didn't know that much about 'em. So, I just dropped em a quick line on the email one day and that came back with a real enthusiastic "yeah!" Man, so far everything they said they would do they have done, and taken real good care of us. They did a great job on the packaging and everything. Basically it's been a very short union but one that we're happy with, and they are too. Plus, we taped two live shows to do a double live album with em, that will be out later this year. They get the reputation of being like a "streetpunk" label, but he puts out a lot of different kinds of stuff, he's got a reggae band on there, he's got Loose Lips, he said he wasn't gonna limit himself to oi bands and stuff. So, he took a chance on us and the rest is history.

I heard they're gonna be reissuing some of the singles?

Clayton: You know what? Almost all the singles have been put out on CD now. We just put out a CD on Steel Cage called "15 Minutes of Fame, 15 Years of Infamy" that's got most of the singles on it. But, TKO has also said that they wanna reissue "Honour Among Thieves" and "Noise For The Sake Of Noise" remastered, so we'll probably put all the singles that we had from that time period on there. Plus, "Hell" is coming out again and it's gonna have bonus tracks, so that will pretty much take care of all the singles.

Why such a long time between albums?

Clayton: (to Joe Young) Why do we take such a long time between albums? Cuz we think we're Boston?

(Laughs)

Young: When I moved down to Lanore that's when we slowed down practicing. We went down to once a week instead of 2-3 times a week, so it took longer to get the songs together. The new album took a long time to come together.

Clayton: Now we all live so far apart. Joe lives up in Caldwell county, I live in Rock Hill, SC, Barry lives in SC, and Doug is the only one who lives in Charlotte anymore. So, once a week Joe makes a two hour drive and I make a hour and a half drive just to practice. There were also a bunch of personnel changes, bass players going out the door left and right, until we got Doug. He's been with us a year now.

Did you guys think ANTiSEEN would be around this long?

Clayton: We didn't think we'd be around a year, much less 18 years! That was really our only goal. It wasn't girls, it wasn't fame...we just figured we'd get a band together, tear some shit up, we'd get into some shows we want to see and that'd be it. We just kinda never dropped it.

Was it pretty shocking to be into punk rock in Charlotte, when you guys started out?

Young: Actually Charlotte might have been more receptive back then in the early eighties than they are now.

Clayton: The punk scene as it was was very small back then. But very, very energetic and enthusiastic, something which you don't see anymore. People don't wanna be creative and

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ANTISEEN - THE OFFICIAL KINGS OF KICKASS

people don't wanna be original...back then if we didn't have a club to do a show, we'd just rent a hall. I don't see people now having the get up an go to do that. I may be wrong, but I haven't seen it. But it seems like with this new record we've found a few buttons to push that still shocks people!! (Laughs) The entertainment paper here made a crack about it. Mordam(the distributor) almost didn't carry the album because of the song "Melting Pot". The morning it was supposed to ship they decided to go ahead and carry it. I guess they had a board meeting...someone told us that they think we're gonna be a hot topic!(Laughs)

What are some of the reasons you think you're profile has maybe risen in the last coupla years?

Young: The internet, having a website, there's better communication with more people.

Clayton: I also think with the end of any real quality bands making it big, people are diggin deeper. Like if they read an interview with somebody and they say we we're influenced by blah, blah, blah, they go out and try to track that down. I think that's what's happening with us. A bunch of the new crop of groups that have come up like the Hookers, Bulemics and all them have all cited us as influences. So, I think a lot of the younger kids that are into them are going out an finding our stuff. Then, when they find out we're still touring they come out and see us. That could be part of it. I guess I could only speculate.

Young: I think a lot of people wanna see if we'll die on stage! At my age you know...(Laughs) We don't really tour that much, we've turned down tours. We've turned down some tours in the last coupla year, the short notice is not to our liking and stuff.

Clayton: I know that a group that tours constantly gets noticed. But I think it has helped us in some cases by making ourselves unaccessible in certain areas and in certain circles, has made our demand higher.

What keeps you guys going and motivated to keep going and doing it these days?

Young: I think we keep writing better songs. I think the songs on this new album are better than ever. The more time it takes to come together the better it seems to turn out. Barry wrote a lot more on the new album. He has a really good technique, something Jeff and I have never done, he'll write the lyrics and lay down the guitar track and the drum track, and bring them into us and they basically sound like a finished song. So, that works pretty good. We've been working with Jamie Hoover who engineered for years. But Barry and Jeff really sat down and spent a lot of time on this one. I was there the least amount of time. They spent a lot of time getting every detail right with Jamie. He had moved into a new studio, we used to record in his house. We started doing this new one in his new studio in Charlotte and it was really nice, it was really relaxed, it just took 5 or 6 sessions. Maybe 30-40 hours total was all it was probably.

Was there ever a time when you thought about throwing in the towel, due to member changes or anything like that?

Young: Probably about 30 or 40 times(Laughs)

Clayton: Yeah, but I don't think that had anything to do with losing members. That was always a challenge for us, we usually welcome that. Not that we wanted anyone else to quit but we always prided ourselves on taking it a step up each time. Sometimes it wasn't the complete right decision, but it seemed right at the time. I think a couple of guys we got tended to be a little overtalented and wanted to show off too much. But, I don't think it hurt us in the long run. I think it made us appreciate what we have now more.

Young: It's like in "Fuck All Y'All", everynight I think of it when we sing that line "We ain't trying to run no race" Cuz it ain't no race and if it is it's not like a hundred yard dash, it's more like a marathon. Most groups don't look at it that way. They shoot their wad in the first few years.

Does it surprise you at all that it's so easy to get under peoples skin still to this day?

Young: Yeah, people are more thin skinned now than they were twenty years ago. When we named the group ANTiSEEN, we did so because we knew that the people in the music business, the ones that claimed to be so open minded, so liberal, especially the left leaning section. They're not open minded man, they're the most closed minded people you could ever run across.

Clayton: Pretty much the whole decade of the 90's was such a pussy decade, man. I mean there were crybabies everywhere. Contrary to what most people might think even though most people in this band lean toward being conservative, but I consider me and Joe to be probably some of the most open minded people we know. I can't think of anything that we just completely steel trap shut down, don't wanna hear about it at all. We know a little bit about a hell of a lot of stuff and it's through experience.

Young: If you're a meat eater, or if you believe in owning guns, little things like that get to people. Someone stormed out of a show the other night when we started doing "Animals...Eat Em", she just turned and stormed out. Now why should that upset somebody? If someones singin a song joking about eating meat, why should that get your panties in a wad?

Joe, what we're some of the reasons you decided to run for public office in this election?

Young: Well, mostly the Libertarian party asked me to do it. I had been with them for about 20 years as an activist, promoting the cause, just talking up liberty and freedom and capitalism, and doing your own thing as long as you're not harming anyone else's rights. I figured they would ask me to do something I just figured I would be much older. But I got a call from Washington DC, I figured they were asking me for a donation, but they asked me if I had ever considered running for anything and I told him I had. I explained to him about the band that I didn't want that to be a black eye on the party in any way because of our image. But, they said that ever since a pro wrestler that wears a feather boa got elected Governor of Minnesota, all bets are off. It turned out our state chairman was a fan of ours, he had records and had seen us before. We did a benefit for the party in Raleigh. On a couple of occasions people tried to attack us and attack the party and both times they came to our defense. Both Raleigh and Washington DC, and said they defend our right to do what we do, they may not agree with all of it, but they back our right to do it. They were glad to have me in there as long as I kept the party platform which is basically freedom of liberty and smaller less intrusive government, and lower taxes. So, the party was cool with us, they were not gonna disavow ANTiSEEN, they were not ashamed of us at all. It was fun, it was a definite learning experience. I'd like to do it again and I'm sure I will. I didn't do it as a stunt. Not like Jello Biafra does which is a joke. Jello is a joke, he's a nice guy, a really friendly guy, and I respect him as an artist, but he's a left wing commie. I've talked to him enough times I know he's a commie and he believes in commie shit. Maximum wage and minimum wage that's bullshit. I believe in free markets and free enterprise and capitalism. Jello is a commie and he just ought to come out and join the Socialist Workers Party or some thing. He runs as a joke just to get his name out there for publicity. On my campaign they didn't bring up ANTiSEEN really. I was happy with it man, they took me real serious, I got treated with a lot of respect.

What are some of the biggest or most amusing misconceptions about your band?

Clayton: That we're white power. They think we're dope addicts.

Young: Most people think that we're assholes. When we first went to Europe, the distributor and the booking agent were betting that we wouldn't even get into the country. They thought our arrest records were probably so extensive we probably couldn't even get there. When we got there they talked about how easy going we were and how professional we were to deal with.

Clayton: The thing is we got a lot of things tagged on to us that we didn't deserve. I had one writer say to us one time "So, I hear you guys are Satanists?" Now where the fuck did that come from? Because we play a Skrewdriver song or because we're not the most "racially tolerant" people in the world, they think we're a white power band. People ask us if we get pissed off when skinheads come to our show and I'm like no, they got the cover charge, skinheads like to be entertained for an evening too. As long as they come in and behave themselves I don't care who shows up. We don't alienate anybody. We're one of the only bands who have truly stood by the belief "We don't care who you are", just pay to get in, come on in, hope you have a good time, if you don't, well you've wasted your evening.

Young: There's a door right over there.

Clayton: A lot of people think because we're in the Confederacy of Scum, let me make the comment right here, we don't consider ourselves to be scum. Scum is the way people perceive us. So, we're not a bunch of crusty punks sleeping on cat piss and all that shit. Most of us are married, two of us have children and basically what we want out of life I guess to quote Angry Anderson is just to be left alone. We'll just do our thing and we'll bring it to you, you can pay to get in, and then after that we'll just split off and do our thing and you go off and do yours.

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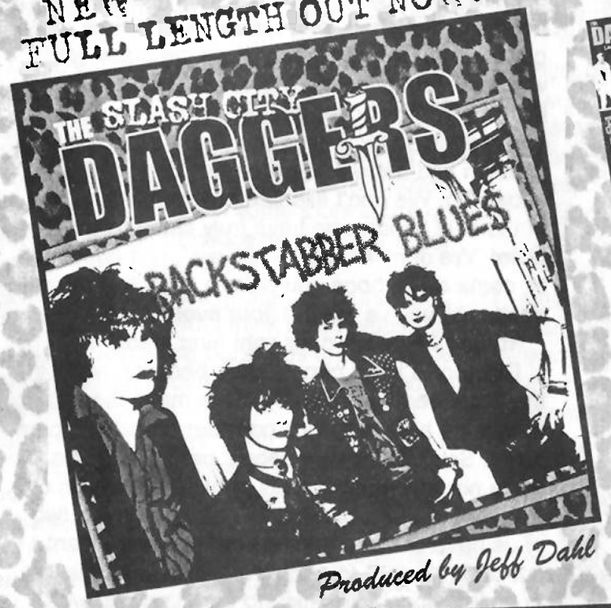

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JOEY RAMONE 1951 - 2001

Charlotte & Mickey
Present
Joey Ramone's 50th Birthday Bash
May 19th, 2001
Hammerstein Ballroom, New York City
Doors open @ 8 p.m.

I first became familiar with The Ramones when I was just 8 years young after seeing Rock 'N' Roll Highschool. I immediately fell in love with them. They were like comic book characters, misfits from the Twilight Zone. Joey was always my favorite tho. You want Riff Randall? Here I am! I mean, lets get real now! What was not to love about him? He was ssssexy! Standing 6'3" with such long lanky legs, and an extremely unique voice. The thing that struck me the most about this individual, was that he never had to resort to running around in circles on the stage shouting childish obscenities in an attempt to gain attention and respect. So many bands nowadays do that and it's just pathetic! But Joey, he was for real! And despite the fact that this was unquestionably the most rawkin' birthday party of my life, it sucked because it was our final farewell to him.

Over 3,600 of us hard-core fans from all over the world gathered here tonight at the Hammerstein Ballroom for that party! And what a party it was! Just before the after party, the Ramones banner came down, music minus vocals were blared loud and strong (just like their concerts), and we all sang the lyrics to "Sedated", after that, we sang "Happy Birthday!" It even ended with birthday cake thrown everywhere, from all sides, floors, and angles of the Hammerstein. Now tell me Joey didn't get a kick outta that!

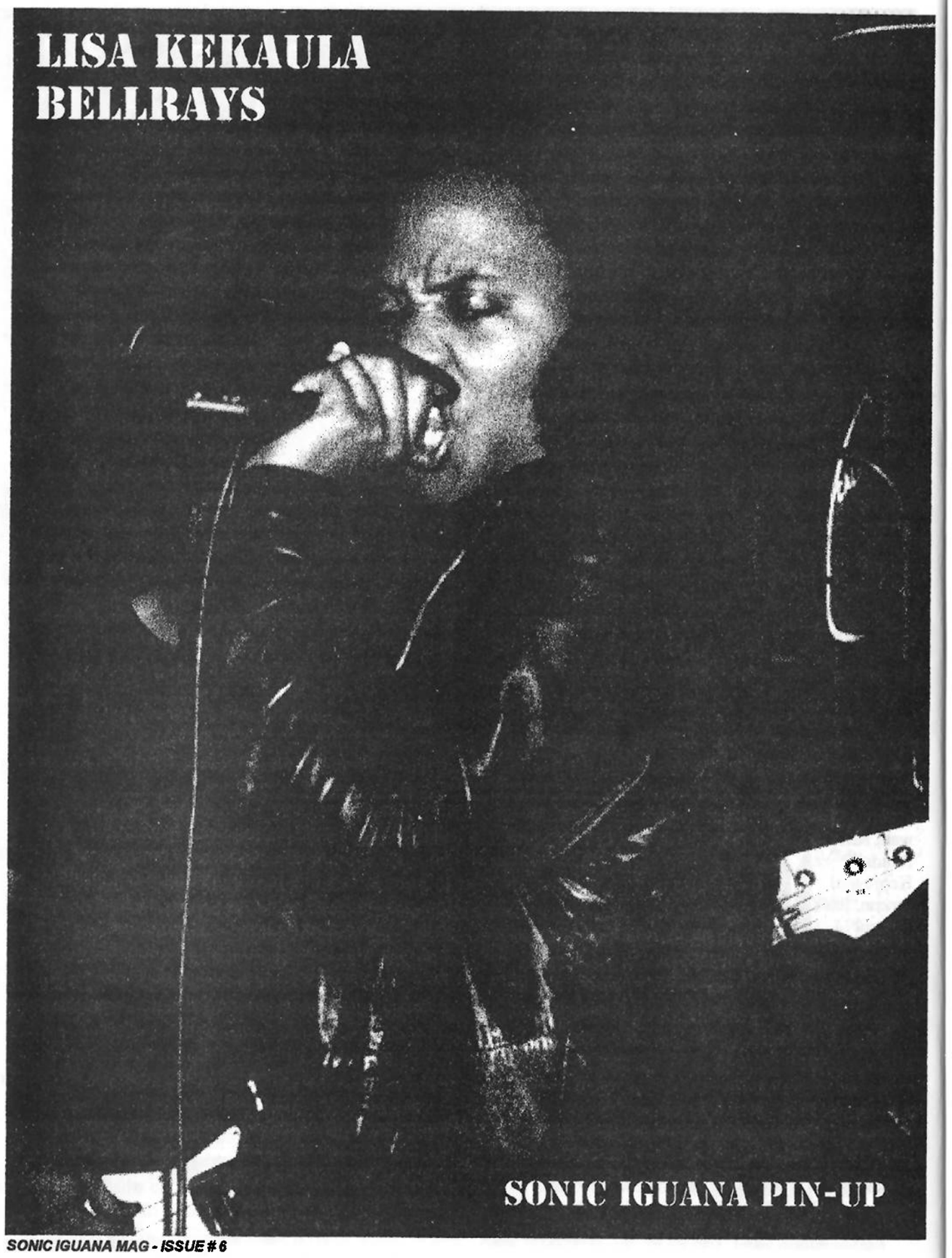
There were many exceptional performances that night by a handful of musical artists, however, I'd have to say that Debbie Harry's version of "I wanna Be Your Boyfriend" was nothing less than beautiful. She ended her set screaming "I LOVE YOU!" and running off the stage.

Some of the key MC's of the night were Legs Mc Neil (author of Please Kill Me), Lenny Kaye, Danny Fields (Ramones 1st manager), Roger Corman (director of Rock "N" Roll Highschool), Tommy Ramone, and Little Steven star of The Sopranos. All of which had pleasant memories of Joey Ramone.

Let's not forget gang, that "Jeffrey Hyman died so that Joey Ramone could live on!" So what's living inside your CD player? Keep it alive!

"1-2-3-4!"

LISA KEKAULA
BELLRAYS

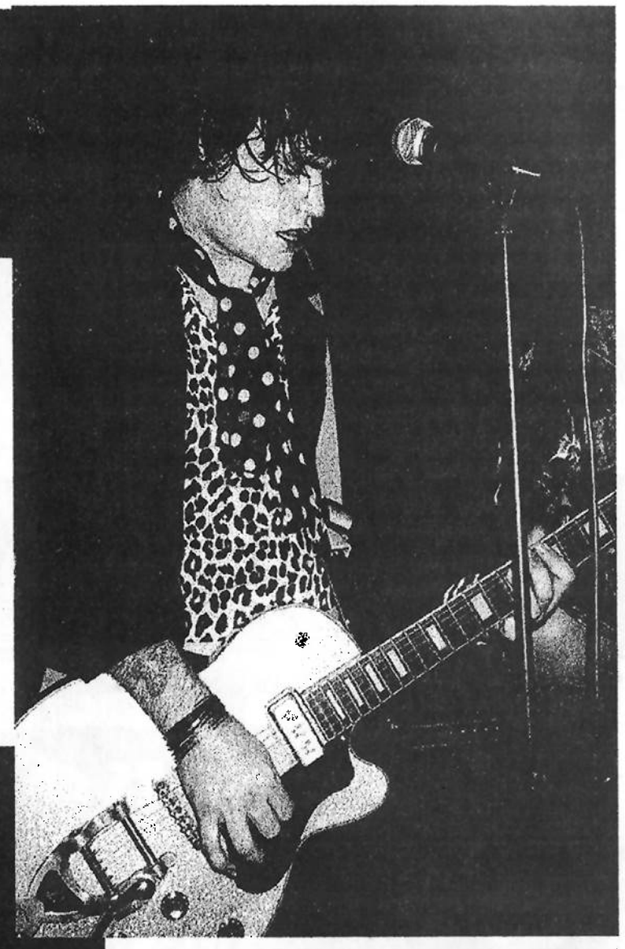


SONIC IGUANA PIN-UP

THE DAGGERS MEET THE BELLRAYS!

Sonic Iguana went to The BellRays & Slash City Daggers show last night and we were rockin' our pretty little asses off all nite long!

Our beloved Daggers were good and messy, just as we adore them. Tho it must be noted that they have recently taken a bit more of a "professional" attitude which keeps things focused and adds to the power & groove. Not to mention that they are now playing in tune occasionally. And they seem to be moving into a slightly more blues and R&B direction which is a real strong point for them. The more dirty an' lo-down the better! They're still street glammy to the eye with Davey eliciting such comments as, "Damn, he looks just like a young Keith Richards!" from the girls seated at the next table.



The BellRays have reverted to their previous lineup/incarnation, and with all due respect, this is the shit. Lisa is just as possessed and intense as ever and the return of Tony on guitar really offers her a foil to work off. Without question, Tony ranks highly in my all-time Top Ten Guitarist list. From Detroit MC5-era freejazzgaragerock to funky Blue Flame chicken scratchin', this boy can play. And a similar chemistry exists between bassist Bob and drummer Todd who lock in over fucking impossible stop-on-a-dime time changes and NASA approved propulsive backbeats. This is a formidable gathering of musicians. They blasted through a set of all the faves plus a blazing cover of The MC5's Human Being Lawnmower and a bitchin' mini set of three Christmas classics! Ho, ho, ho dude...

Above - Dagger, Abe Ruthless riffs away...
Left - Tony Fate laying down the law!

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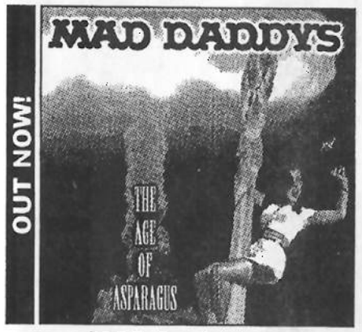

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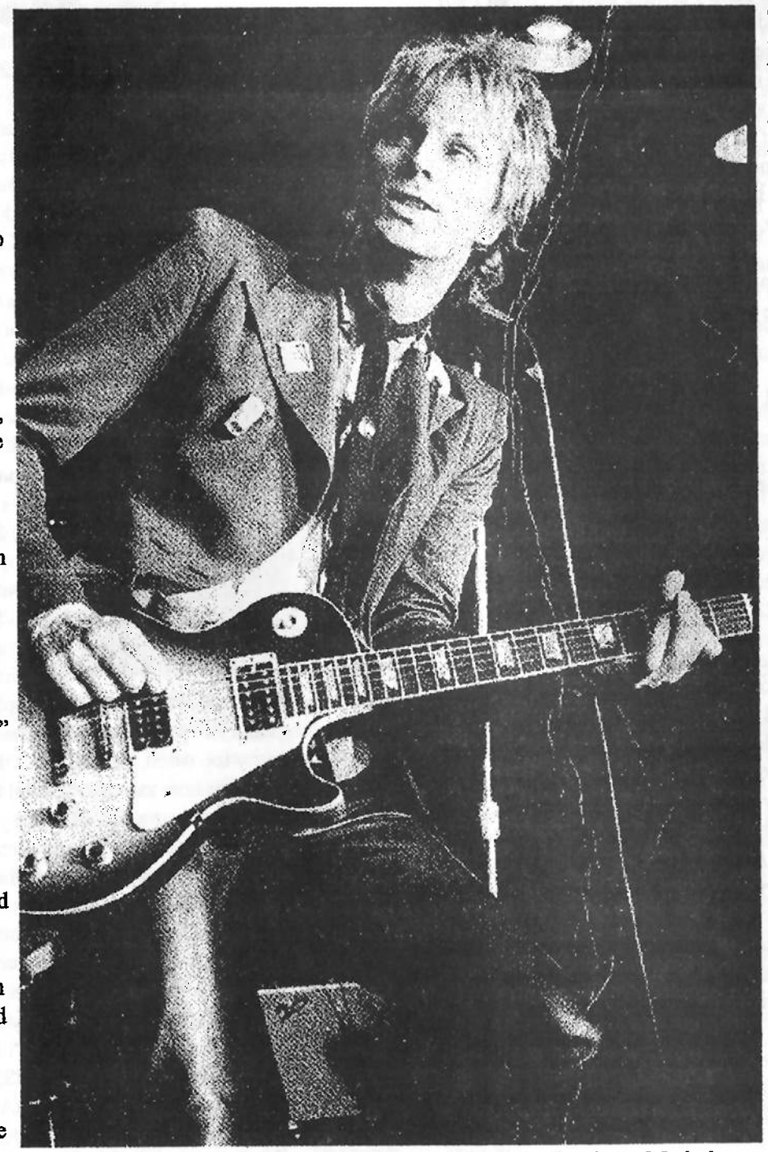
WALTER LURE & THE WALDOS

New York - CBGB's, May 18th, 2001- It cost a whopping $9 to get into the show tonight to see original Heartbreaker Walter Lure, who played second guitar with Guitar Slingin' God Johnny Thunders and x-Doll Jerry Nolan, all of which were extremely influential in getting those English Lads rawkin with Punk, American style!!! I ask the guy at the front door if cameras are allowed. He say's "Why not?"

Ramones and New York Dolls tunes played before these Waldos guys hit the stage. We had animated hard core rocker Walter Lure with black top hat and red & white striped tie in the middle of the stage. Along side him were two younger Asian lads playing guitar as well as a drummer in the back. They opened with "Get off The Phone" and immediately I knew I was in for a really cool time! Some other classics they played were "All By Myself", "Born To Lose", "One Track Mind", "Do You Love Me", "Too Much Junkie Business", and of course "Chinese Rocks". Walter would step aside from the center stage and say, "Ok, this next song will be sung in Japanese." And one of the guitar players would get to the middle of the stage and say "Korean" into the mic. It was a sarcastic thing that went on throughout the entire set. Although there weren't any songs sung in any language other than English, it was just absolutely hilarious. Everyone was dancing and singing and having a blast!



After The Waldos' set was done, I met up with Walter for a few minutes in the green room and then later near the bar. We chatted a bit about the music scene both past and present. He also wished me the best of fun at Joey's birthday party the next night.

I urge every single one of you who reads this, that when The Waldos make it to your town you don't wanna miss them. Mark them as a 'must see'! You'll be energized and rawkin to the sounds of punk as it was meant to be, and is still being made by… The Waldo's!!!

REVIEWS

DIMESTORE HALOES LONG RIDE TO NOWHERE" CD (PELADO) - Now the kids ain't got no bands to care about/They ain't got one damn band they can't live without" Are the good times really gone? Not a chance! This is the band I always turn to. When I am feeling half alive and don't know how I'm gonna make it through the day. When I think one more stupid fuckin person will send me right over the edge. When I am feeling fuckin great and I jus' wanna hear some of the most classic RNR of all time. This is where I go. The Dimestore Haloes and the editor of this magazine right here have saved and helped me more times than they could possibly know. Chaz and the boyz never let me down and they ALWAYS make me feel better. They truly ARE dayglo valentines in a world that dreams in black and white. They got the looks, they got the hooks and the best lyrics you could ever hope to wrap your eyes around.

This is the third Haloes CD and somehow the BEST one. One hell of a feat to be sure but the 8 toonz found here will smoke everything in their path! Nice raw, simple playing, incredibly literate lyrics, simple rockin leadz to die for and a nice crisp production take this baby over the top! There are actually SEVERAL tunes on here that have up ended "Adrenaline" and *Tombstone Radio* as my fave Haloes tracks ever!! *Crash and Burn Or Fly, "Stay Young* and the truly SUBLIME *Wreck With Me* all send shivers down my spine the way GREAT rockNroll always does! "This is such an ugly world/This town is such an ugly place/ But you got such a pretty face girl/Will you wreck with me?" I play that song over N over N over again until my stereo jes can't stand no more!!! "Twenty Something bad to worse/Somewhere between the cradle and the hearse" Yeah, that's about right.

This ain't no trend hoppin' flash in the pan, this shit is fucking C-L-A-S-S-I-C! Of course all the dipshit hipster fucks will find this out too damn late just like they have with all our other favorite bands N we'll have to listen to 'em go on and on 'bout how the Dimestore Haloes were SO UNDERrated and OVERlooked, and WHY weren't they HUGE...Everybody loves ya when yer dead. I wonder how many of those tuff guy "punkrockndull" records they'll be pullin out regularly in a few years? Too many shitty records, somebody has to die! When all the hip kids nose ring holes finally close up, these Dimestore Haloes records are gonna be there sounding better than ever. Brimming with righteous hatred, right on bad attitude and HOOKZ GALORE!!! I'll tell ya right now, I'll still be listening to 'em nonstop!

How many bands can you think of that really LOVE rockNroll? Chaz Halo freely namechecks his heroes and it shine through pure as snow. This motherfucker GETS IT and he fucking LOVES rockNroll with everything he's got! In these daze of credibility desperation, name dropping half baked phony horseshit it's so refreshing to hear someone stand up for being a FAN. "Radio Clash, Search and Destroy, God Save The Queen and Jetboy/Saved a life that was born too late/ held him close and blew him away/Cheers to Mott The Hoople, Slaughter and the Dogs and Crime!" I don't find that kind of pure, genuine sincerity too often, but I do with the Dimestore Haloes and I realize how rare and special that is.

When was the last time a record made you feel ALIVE?? These cats make me wanna scream, yell, run and skip down the street singin along at the top of my lungs...hating the world and loving it!! I've been doing just that since I found 'em and I ain't gonna stop. I know I used to get by before I found the Dimestore Haloes, I just can't remember how... "We gotta crash and burn or fly/Cause we're still too young to die" (MF)

BLUE OYSTER CULT - 1st S/T, TYRANNY AND MUTATION, SECRET TREATIES, AGENTS OF FORTUNE CDs (COLUMBIA LEGACY) - I do believe I was girly-whining last issue about the new BOC "Best Of..." Collection. Stating it was heavy on the latter day filler and calling for a reissue of the early primo discs in their entirely. I dunno if the Columbia Legacy folks are humoring me or if they already had it slated for next release. But here it is: The first 3 1/2 utterly classic BOC records, in all their glory! Each is wonderfully remastered (And since the original production was rather *70s dry-n-dead* the tastefully added sonic lustre is most welcome) and has been sweetened with a wealth of excellent additional bonus tracks. My proverbial cup runneth over, bubba!

The initial self-titled disc is the first in what is referred to as "The Black And White Trilogy" - because each of the first 3 albums have black-n-white covers and while not being a sequential "concept" series, definitely do have a kindred spirit, attitude and sound. Forget the liner press crap on the back about "The American Black Sabbath," think more MC5 or obscuro New Yorkers like Sir Lord Baltimore. Less heavy, more rockarolla. Limpid pool of monkey whiz lyrics and titles - *She's As Beautiful As A Foot* - come courtesy of hanging around with poet types like Patti Smith (BOCs bassist even shacked up with Patti AND dead perv-art-boy Robert Mapplethorpe at the same time!) and the silver pen of one of the all-time greatest Creem Mag rock critz, R-Meltzer. Obscure, dark and literate. *Cities On Flame With Rock N Roll* has got to rank as one of the greatest trailerpark-Camaro anthems of all time. And I just love the silly inclusion of an unreleased demo of *Betty Lou's Got A New Pair Of Shoes*, mercy!

The second and third albums, Tyranny... & Secret... respectively, continue much along the same path and flavor. Tyranny feature several of BO-Cult fan faves like *Screaming Diz-busters, OD'd On Life Itself,* and *Hot Rails To Hell*. While 1974s Secrets includes a tune, *Cagey Cretins*, whose title had to have been appropriated by our beloved Ramones a short year or two later. Again, there is generous, quality bonus booty here: live takes of first album tracks, the unreleased *Bucks Boogie* and most notably, the twisted, ferocious B-side take of *Born To Be Wild.*

Album number four is where they lost it for me. Despite the awesome, *This Ain't The Summer Of Love* one had the sneaking suspicion that the songwriting and production had shifted to a more decidedly commercial direction. And with *Don't Fear The Reaper* they ultimately got their big radio hit. Unfortunately, this would be the first sign of things to come. I never had much use for BOC after this record. They lost their dark edge here. Still, I own this record just for *Summer...*

So kids, the first 3 albums are essential. Run out, snag 'em and crank it! Admit it, here's a little Hessian dirtbag in every punk rocker tryin' to get out! (JD)

BLACK HALOS THE VIOLENT YEARS CD (SUB POP) - How do they do it? They put out one of the BEST debut records of all time, tour all around the world, take tons of abuse from the underground, and come back with a record that's even BETTER than the first one. I cannot believe how GOOD this goddamn record is!! They're well on course to become the most amazing band on the planet, and may already be.

Billy Hopeless' lyrics on this new one are so spot on—"There's nothing left to prove, everybody's nuts and bleeding, my baby's been abused, it sounds the same but it's lost the feeling" from "Underground" put into words exactly what I have been trying to describe for a LONG time. Nope, the underground ain't underground no more, and punkrockNroll is just a marketing tool, being played by jocks in creepers and cowboy hats, while their Betty Page lookalikes stand looking (probably are) bored. Macho, tough guy frat fucks droppin' the right names and wearin the right shit but they are oh so transparent. This is what makes the Halos sound all that much MORE REAL. They are alienated, they are sick of being snubbed and they outclass damn near everybody!

My favorite tunes on this new slab are the two slow songs "Capt. Moody" and "50 Bourbon St.", both of which offer up a nice Lords vibe to the mix. "Love is like a bar tab, you just drink it away, it just keeps on building up and in the end you gotta pay" Been there, brother! I bet all of you have too. I play this record every day and I bet I will for the rest of the year and for a long time after that. A TRUE CLASSIC! I know that word just gets tossed around a lot, but in this case, you can belee that. If there's a better record released this year, I can't WAIT to hear it. (MF)

VARIOUS ARTISTS NOT THE SAME OLD BLUES CRAP II CD (FAT POSSUM) - Man, I love them blues. The real stuff. The stuff that has been rumblin' around the Mississippi Delta since Charlie Patton and Blind Lemon Jefferson. That's the stuff I wanna hear. And if there's one thing you can count on Fat Possum for it's the real Delta blues.

This compilation has been masterfully and lovingly pieced together and features some of the cream of the FP roster and a few wonderful surprises. Some tracks are from recent releases, some are from rare, long gone ancient vinyl and some were recorded decades ago and have never seen the light of day. Some of these guys are well known and loved by us all and others are stone unknown. (To me at least) And while some of these artists are still out there for us to enjoy, some of these recordings are after-the-fact.

Quite frankly, every track here is a gem in it's own right but let me touch on a few of my own favorites...

Scott Dunbar's *Easy Rider* dates back to 1970 and is just one man with an old guitar and his foot tapping time. In all honesty, it sounds like you're sitting on Mr Dunbar's front porch on a hot August evening sipping from a jar of moonshine. It doesn't get anymore pure or traditional than this.

R.L. Burnside turns in a couple great songs. My pick is the live, unreleased acoustic slide version of *Walkin' Blues*. It's a laidback, easy blues with a seductive, sweet guitar tone that'll hit the spot every time.

Here's a priceless surprise, Junior Kimbrough with Charlie Feathers (!) on the country blues, *I Feel Good Again*. As a chiming acoustic keeps the beat in the left speaker Mr Feathers rockabilly guitar juxtaposes a spidery dance off to the right. This cut has only been previously issued on a Feathers retrospective. Amazing.

The prime jukejoint bump of *Goin' Back To The Bridge* by Asie Payton is without a doubt the funkiest cut of the collection. I think I listened to this 3 times before I figured out he was singing, *Take me back to the bridge, y'all* and not *Take me back to the rib joint*! And Mr Payton's other contribution, *Please Tell Me You Love Me*, graphically illustrates the influence and affection older bluesmen had for Grand Ol Opry stalwarts like Hank Sr and Eddie Arnold.

Paul Wine Jones checks in with a couple cool cuts, the most interesting of which is the downright psychedelic R&B of *Goin' Back Home*. If you're under the impression all blues sound the same this'll set you straight, Jack.

The slow, gorgeous, bittersweet cover of the Tom Waits tune, *House Where Nobody Lives*, by King Ernest is a sad lullaby made all the more heartbreaking with the knowledge that Mr Ernest died on the highway just days after this was recorded.

Again, these are just a few hi-points. If you're looking for a collection to explore and discover real blues by, more or less, contemporary artists, you can't go wrong with this compilation. The fact is you can't go wrong with any release on the Fat Possum label.

From the fields to the swamps to the roadhouses, Fat Possum rules and the blues is king. (JD)

ZERO BOYS VICIOUS CIRCLE" REISSUE CD (PANIC BUTTON) - This is the top of the reissue heap right here! A long lost classic that can undo all the damage that Hardcore has done in the last twenty years. It used to be good remember, before the football team discovered it? The Zero Boys will make you remember! This fantastic classic does not sound dated in the least, it stands up to the test of time with ease and style. And the songs...goddamn! Is there a bigger anthem than *Civilizations Dying*? Still timely and important as well. This is a ripper from start to finish. Hardcore is not a dirty word! Oh, if only that were still the case. I love the original style stuff and I would love it if some people would pick up that torch. Copping from the ZBoys, Negative Approach, and early Black Flag is a GOOD thing! Great stuff all the way down the line. If you have an old vinyl copy of this kicking around I would highly recommend picking this up as well, there are two bonus tracks that unlike most are actually AS GOOD as the tunes on the album. Fantastic liner notes from Jack Rabid from the Big Takeover as well. Tons of photos, and the remastering sounds AMAZING! Buy one for your nephew or niece that thinks all this metal style shit is hardcore and turn em around. The kids have shitty taste because they are offered nothing but shit to listen to. Thanks to Panic Button for trying to help em out a bit. This is absolutely essential! (MF)

THE BALLBUSTERS PEOPLES REPUBLIC OF ROCK N ROLL CD (VICIOUS KITTEN) Folks, I'll tell ya, Rick Blaze is the Rodney Dangerfield of rock n roll. The man gets zero respect. He puts out great records, is a wild and engaging frontman with the cool voice and phrasing of a lifetime spent as a unrepentant juvenile delinquent... a stylish rogue with a heart of gold. He even released a record with Heartbreaker/ Waldo Walter Lure! (Wally's ace tune *Sorry* is covered here) He's got the credentials and talent... still he can only get his newest record released on an Australian label and his own band even voted to change their name from Rick Blaze & The Ballbusters to the more economical, just plain, Ballbusters. Poor ol' Rick... I feel for ya, baby.

Musically it's still, as it always is, the same top notch, straight out rockin'. There's the intoxicated Stonesy street-swagger of cuts like *Slipping Away, That City* and *Something's Gotta Give*, with it's instantly magnetic chorus and delicious solo break. There are some rev'd garage punk numbers like the title cut and the snotty Dollsy *Born To Die*, all slashing guitars and a driving backbeat. Something I wasn't expecting was the psych blues of *Antichrist*, belted out by bassist Cathy Peters who goes positively Grace Slicky on us! My pick-o-the-litter is a playful Blaze/Crane tune, *The Crush*, - a hilarious story of Catholic schoolgirl lust - which would fit nicely on a Johnny Thunders or Chuck Berry record. An' Cathy's slutty MC5 ramalama *King Of Speed*, with it's knee-shakin' John Cippolina-esque guitar solo, is another shit-hot rocker fave.

Now the cover artwork. Guys, the whole commie flag effectively killed off the Dolls for good. Why would you want to refresh that theme? Small point.(JD)

Coming so relatively close to their last release, the awesome *Manhattan Babylon* CD apex, this is a surprisingly strong effort and, while not quite to that standard, is an absolutely great record. This band is one of the best kept secrets out there. To borrow a phrase: Catch 'em before they're dead.

DIAMOND DOGS AS YOUR GREENS TURN BROWN CD (FEEDBACK BOOGIE) In light of this Swedish band's name you might be expecting something rather Bowie. You'd be wrong. Faces, Rose Tattoo, Hanoi, Smack and Mott are the bands that come to mind upon close inspection. Or the Black Crows, at their best.

I'm told someone from the Hellacopters camp is involved with this, I dunno for sure. I was never blown away by the 'Copters so I never payed a whole lotta attention to 'em. But I am quite impressed with the Diamond Dogs. First off, there are 8 cats (Count 'em!) in the band! Including 3 guitarists, a keyboard player (Swirling organ and tack piano!) and one wailin' fool on the harmonica! (Magic Dick, stand back!) All these guys as master rockers. They can play their instruments very, very well. The singer has a great ballsy voice, more growl than rasp. A little like a young Rod Stewart in phrasing, but more Michael Monroe/Angry Anderson so far as range and character. It's a great rock n roll voice.

After a short piano vamp, the disc kicks off with the brazen rocker, *Good-bye Miss Jill*, and you're in for a helluva ride! The best trax are the Mott-like, *Hardhitter* and the wickedly paced *Bite Off*, which with a little slide would fit nicely on the first Rose Tattoo album. The slow burn of *Yesterdays Nymph* is voluptuous late nite blues that breaks into the thumpin' boogie, *The Drifter*.

One point of contention I seem to have with some of the Swedish releases are overproduction. Too much fuckin' around in the studio and those dreaded gated drums. Death to ProTools! This album has a totally organic messy, funky feel and sound to it. Completely appropriate to the music and of another era. This is what rock n roll sounds like, kids. It brings to mind my much loved, old Savoy Brown and Long John Baldry vinyl.

Another thing I have an opinion about is that at 15 tunes, 3 of which are instrumental, they could have kept a couple trax in the vaults and been non the worse. And since most these tunes hover at about 3 minutes I think some of the solo breaks could have been stretched out a bit more. Christ, you've got 3 fucking guitarists, a keyboard player and a harmonica! These are all potential lead instruments. Lemme see what these guys can really do! Kick out the jams, motherfuckers...

This is an utterly brilliant release. Well worth the time and effort of hunting down a copy. Do it! (JD)

LOST CLASS-SIXXX CAPTAIN OI!

Am I the only one who is loving AND hating the insane rash of reissues in the past year or so? It's great being able to get your hands on damn near anything you've been looking for, but fuck, workin slobz like me only got so much disposable income ya know? I hope it keeps up though, cuz I am cleaning up like a bandit!

Up near the top of the stack are the killer reissues being churned out by England's Captain Oi. If you think the only thing they have to offer is Oi and Street Punk, you are sadly mistaken. Along with the VERY impressive list you are about to read about here, they have unearthed classics by the likes of the Chords, Vapors, Newtown Neurotics and many others. They release a lot of stuff but they always have a few things in common: fantastic liner notes and AMAZING bonus tracks. I am beyond tired of shelling out for reissue CDs filled with "Bonus Tracks" that should have stayed hidden. Just cuz you got 75 + minutes to work with doesn't mean you gotta use it all, ya know? Gimme a great ALBUM!

No worries with these gems though as the bonus tracks are almost all as good as the original album tracks. Incredible packaging as well, with scans of the original press singles that the tracks were taken from as well as well informed liners. Top notch all the way, you can tell this is a labor of love. Besides your old vinyl copies are worn out give 'em a break!! How many spins can those poor old Saints records take man?

Check out these Remasters, they will knock you out all the way down the line.

THE DICKIES - Incredible Shrinking Dickies & Dawn of the Dickies - Man do these great records hold up well over the years! Love those Dickies and their irresistible pop punk sound, I can't never get enough! These sound soooo great, you won't believe the way they jump out of your speakers. They got a new record out too, go see 'em when they hit your shithole of a burg.

SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS - Do It Dog Style & Bite Back - What a great service to make these available again. Always leaning on the glam real heavy (Mick Ronson produced and played on the first album and the second one is even more Glammy!), these boys should be a fave of both the street punkers and all you

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FOR YOUR PLEASURE... SHORT AN' SWEET

ANDY G AND THE ROLLER KINGS CD-EP (Sympathy) - Yeah, the Devil Dogs are as good as back! This 5 song release right here is some more of that killer RockNRoll you know and love from Andy G and his new band. Any band that has the ballz to cover an Archies song with a straight face gets my full support and the Roller Kings tear through *Skooby Doo* with style here. Jesus... this is just so fucking GOOD! (MF)

THUG MURDER The 13th Round CD (TKO) Don't be scared off by the tough sounding name, this is some great English style punk in the Toy Dolls/Rancid vein and it is killer. The funny thing is that Thug Murder is made up of three of the cutest Japanese girls you've ever seen, and yes in typical Japanese style they smoke everyone this side of the pond trying to play this style. Great version of *I Fought The Law* as well! (MF)

FRANKENSTEIN DRAG QUEENS FROM PLANET 13 SONGS FROM THE RECENTLY DECEASED CD (UNCLE GOD DAMN) The third record down the line and these boys finally figured out that all those between song samples are not necessary. There's not a single one on here, and it's for the better. Just a lot of great hard rockin spooky horror songs and I am lovin it. *I Like To Say Fuck* is my fave! A cheap thrill, but a great one nonetheless. (MF)

THE MARBLES SEDUCTION CD (BREAK UP) This Ohio band is keeping alive the *Right To Be Italian*! Picking up where Holly and the Italians left off with some fantastic power pop/new wave. This is one GREAT disc with tons of Pink N Black in the layout so you know they got it together. I love this record, it's 10 songs of sing-song bliss! (MF)

SLASH CITY DAGGERS BACKSTABBER BLUES CD (UNITY SQUAD) Hot damn, this is one hell of a geetar fest on display here!! Utilizing all the great trixx in the book, the Slash City Daggers will have some asses a shakin with these 12 songs full of smokin leads and balls out rocknroll insanity. They got the songwriting chops to go along with the hott riffs too, a rare find these daze. There's a nice Beach Boys element creepin into the background vocals which only adds to the greatness. Nice Georgia Satellites cop as well. This band fucking KILLS!! So the Joneses have thrown in the towel, who gives a damn, the Slash City Daggers are here to keep the Sleeze alive and I am gonna hitch my wagon. Truly amazing and rockin' beyond words. Punkrocknroll don't get any better. (MF)

BLACK WIDOWS AROCKNAPHOBIA CD (VITAL GESTURE) This is some redd hott spy and surf instrumental stuff that stands so far out from the pack that the rest can't even see em, much less choke on their dust!! Tune after tune of rippin guitar and organ high energy surf insanity that will totally blow you away. Keep in mind that I usually don't go for this sort of stuff at all, it has to be EXTREMELY well done and the Black Widows do it better than anyone I have heard since Satans Pilgrims. There's not a bum track in the bunch and all of em are played nice and exciting. Who are these masked men?? (MF)

BOBBYTEENS YOUNG AND DUMB CD (JUST ADD WATER) This Bobbyteens singles comp is everything a great rocknroll record should be; Dumb, Sloppy and Totally FUNN. 15 tunes chock full of good times and fun lo fi neon pop greatness! I hadn't heard the first coupla single in a few years and it's great to see that they hold up to and even surpass the newer, slicker stuff. They have never been better than they were on the "Hey Roxy/Firecracker" single! Two classics to be had right there. There are also 3 tracks on here from when Karen from Supercharger was playing drums in the very beginning, damn fine stuff. "Hey baby, too bad you're underage, I wanna sit on your face, But you're too young for me" You gotta love that shit! Tina has one of my very fave voices in all of rock; snotty, obnoxious, sexy and just perfect. This band can do no wrong, go out and buy EVERYTHING, but get this fucker today. Chalk off another one for Just Add Water. (MF)

ROCKET 455 GO TO HELL CD (GET HIP) This retrospective of oddz-n-sodz spanks forth track after track of raw, funky rampaging skree from this Detroit minded combo. The MC5 seem to be the main point of reference, as opposed to much Stoogery, but tracks like The Grass Is Green also reveal their sensitive side ala Jim Carroll or Unky Lou. The bulk tho is prime rhythmic twin guitar assault-age. For a bits an' pieces collection this really holds up from beginning to end. (JD)

THE RICHMOND SLUTS S/T CD (DISASTER) The buzz on this band started off huge and just seems to be growing. Maybe coz of the Brian Jonestown connection, maybe the stylish pretty boy thang, I dunno... Musically it stands up. I get a real 60s California garage-psych vibe. Very Standells, Oxford Circle. DMZ-Lyres might be a modern comparison. And it is so nice to hear some cool keyboards in this day an' age. And they're even better live! Believe the hype. (JD)

FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM WELCOME TO THE OCTAGON CD (ESTRUS) Holy fireballs of fuzz guitars! The big, fat wall of saturated distortion hits you from the first note and never backs off. A new Blue Cheer for the coming millennium. (JD)

THE VOLTS HOT TOWN PIGS IN THE STREETS CD (ISSUE) Clean, tight, melodic punkin' served up ala Damned or maybe a bit DKish. Good riffs and blazing fretwork, but they're at their best on tunes like *Teenage Anxiety* with its big memorable sing-a-long chorus. (JD)

THEE MICHELLE GUN ELEPHANT COLLECTION (ALIVE) I just love this guitarist - he's like the Japanese Mick Green or Danny Gatton. Simply amazing. The songs range from rockabilly/pub to garage to frothing punk ups. Forget trying to understand a word of what's sung. For all I know they're singing in Spanish. It's undecipherable but I sure like the way it sounds. Great band, great collection. Get it! (JD)

THE LAZY COWGIRLS HERE AND NOW LIVE CD (SFTRI) Cool concept, this was recorded in the sonically friendly environment of a studio with an invited audience of friends, lovers and assorted hipsters. Thus you get a lo-budget live album (This ain't KISS Alive, ya little monkey shit) that sounds wonderful, big and does the legendary Cowgirl bigbeat justice. You get some neat covers like *Route 66*, C-Girls classics like *Rock Of Gibraltar* and some great new tunes. There's even a short acoustic set sandwiched in the midst of the maelstrom. Another great Cowgirls record! (JD)

I LOVE RICH THE GREATEST ROCK N ROLL RECORD OF ALL TIME CD (ILOVERICH) Lots of smirking glitter and flash here. From the songs to the artwork to the logo to the vocals, ILR would appears to have tried their damnedest to recreate the first 3 KISS albums. (They did omit the makeup, thank you) Maybe throw in a bit of early Crue (Guitar solos) or Wrathchild UK. (Attitude) All very well done too. (JD)

THE PINHEADS LV YOU CAN'T DRINK FROM MY CUP CD (AVD) Galloping, frantic, hooky punk which draws on bands like the Descendents, All and Minutemen. Thin production but that just adds to the chicken-with-his-head-cut-off feel. I like it! (JD)

THE STARVATIONS A BLACKOUT TO REMEMBER CD (REVENGE) Dark cowpunky stuff. Nice surf twang guitar work. Reminds me on some tunes of Tex & The Horseheads or that first Gun Club. A genre that needs a good revival and this hits the mark. (JD)

GASOLINE FAKE TO FAME CD (ESTRUS) Okay, if I were to base this review solely on tune titles this would rank a five-star rave! *Monkey Tone, Booga Rock...* Good stuff! And the songs measure up as well. Jungle beats meet some truly cool changes and hooks. And this Japanese garage and surf band is absolutely swimming in glorious spring reverb and ttthick tube distortion. Stompin' five-star shit! (JD)

FIFI & THE MACH III I'M RAMONA CD (DAIZY WOODS/POLYDOR) Hands down, one of my favorite Japanese bands! This is a total Ramones assault. Mosrite guitars, leather jackets, Converse hi-tops... all downstrokes in eighth an' sixteenth beats... And *Beautiful Rainbow* might be the best Ramone ballad since *I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend*. Led by the gorgeous and sweet Fifi on vocals, she and her boys are the best Ramones influenced band in the world. No contest. (JD)

MOTOSIERRA XXX CD (NO FUN) Blood, Guts & Pussy style Dwarve punk from the wilds of South America. Fast, short, wild tunes come flying out of the speakers and kick their way into your brainbox. 11 songs in just over 22 minutes. That's the way it should be done! Warning: I'm informed the hot, stripped down babe on the cover actually used to be of another gender. Yikes! I'd still do her. (JD)

VARIOUS ARTISTS ROCKNROLL WAR COMPILATION CD (VICIOUS KITTEN) Compilations generally suck ass. Usually a buncha crap thrown together to sell a lotta copies or just as an advertisement for a label. This one here is the polar opposite of that!

THE SOLO RECORD GHETTO

Oh, those wretched, excessive, egomaniacal solo albums! Still... we love 'em, don't we? Here are a few of the coolest of the current crop:

Brian O'Blivion Badly Beaten CD (Brazen Overtures) The second solitary offering from the Trash Brats crooner features lots of musical depth and his whimsical nature. Spanning pop to country to rock to almost vaudeville moments this covers a lot of ground and still manages to keep it cool-n-cohesive. If you're a fan of Alice's *Pretties For You* era, this might just knock you out.

Troy Sinister & The Dregs Of Humanity - Blues From The Boneyard CD-EP (Skeller) Sinisters bassist taps into a primal, minimalist backbeat and hits the voodoo switch. 5 tracks of swamp guitar, cave thumps, cat-howl harmonica and a voice that can only come from the belly of the beast. Yikes! Good enuff to be on Fat Possum Recs. The ghost of Jeffrey Lee Pierce has crawled outta the grave... Dark, funky stuff.

David Johansen & The Harry Smiths - S/T CD (Chesky) Folks, this ain't no stinkin' Buster Poindexter record! Thank God... Pure, authentic, prime mainly acoustic blues sung with "that voice." And as stupid, campy and tacky as Johansen can get, this is the honest, real and soulful record we've been waiting for all these years. His best since the demise of the Dolls. (JD)

Dig this line up: Dictators, Sylvain, Kevin K, Rick Blaze, Road Vultures, Sour Jazz, Golden Arms, Freddy Lynxx, Nikki Sudden, Trash Brats, Brother Brick anna tonna others. I don't even need to say it just get this fucker!! This disc here is the audio equivalent of this magazine yer holdin. You could call this the Sonic Iguana sampler and be right on the money. (MF)

THEE TRASH BRATS AMERICAN DISASTER CD (STORM) The newest offering from these Detroit ambassadors of wealth & taste serves forth the loud, fast, melodic and rockin' glampunk we all know, love and crave. *Rocket To Heaven* & *Must Be The Cocaine* have been unleashed as singles, but *A Nice Girl To Visit*, with its rocker-dude-in-hell plot, and the ace version of *Auf Weidersein* are my faves this time out. It's the Brats, everybody needs a copy of this! (JD)

DMZ LIVE AT THE RAT CD (BOMP) Probably one of the most underrated US punk bands from the pre-1980 era. This is live & wild - 8 tracks are from 76 and an additional 12 are from a 93 reunion. You'd think the later day stuff would be of superior sonic quality but the earlier recording is twice as crunchy and slashing. So much for technology. Regardless of the era, they play their hearts out. And dig Monoman's liner speil... This fucker is still a grade-A punk. (JD)

VINCENT VON REVERB SUS VAQUEROS ELECTRICOS CD (NO TOMORROW) For some reason I was expecting this Spanish band to be full-on rockabilly but this is very, very glampunk. Melodic, almost powerpop riffin', and the right amount of snot and aggression to balance it out. Only Ones, The Boys, Bay City Rollers, Artful Dodger, Hanoi... That what ya into? This'll satisfy. (JD)

EASY ACTION S/T CD (REPTILIAN) Bit of a Detroit soopa group here with former Laughing Hyenas & Necros onboard. This is one of the few examples where I feel the sum total exceeds the parts. They guys got a big, bad nasty ass punk sound. Liberal use of good solid hooks and melodies and the singer either sings thru a fuzzbox or has one seriously trashed throat. Lovely voice. (JD)

ROBERT PETE WILLIAMS S/T CD (FAT POS-SUM) Originally recorded in 1970, this Louisiana solo acoustic bluesman passed away ten years later. This as deep country blues as you can get. There are roosters crowing in the background of this recording! If you love stripped naked soulful blues and have never heard of Mr Williams I can't recommend this enough. (JD)

SINGLES GOING STEADY

1) **DEAD HEROS** FASTER & LOUDER (LOCAL 69) Supersonic action of the early Motorhead vein. Fast Eddie lives!

2) **THE 440s** FLAMETHROWER LOVE (STEELCAGE) Philly greaser punks lay waste to the Dead Boy classic.

3) **GUTTER QUEENS** TEENAGE WASTELAND (SHEEP) Swiss uber-glam. Ronson guitars and wham-bam-thank-u-mammy choruses. The Sonic Iguana Prettiest Stars Of The Issue.

4) **THE SUPERBEES** GOT THIS FEELING (CABEZA DE TORNADO) Hellacopter/Backyard Babies fans take note, this could be the next band to break big.

5) **ROCKET 455** CROSS-EYED (GET HIP) Detroit band with liner notes in French? Kinky boys... This rocks.

6) **HOLY SHEEP** ROCKIN' OUT TIME (BANG) Heavy MC5 vibe complete with Kramer/Smith axe-action. Excellent hi-energy with hooks to back it up.

7) **ROCKET 69/DION BLADE** SPLIT (ROCKIN' HOUSE) The Rocket-boys whip out some tuff glam punk RnR with a big beat. Mr Blade does the Dickies speedpop thang. Pressed on melted down plastic milk jugs? I love it!!

8) **MICHAEL THIMREN** JET BOY BLUES (MUNSTER) X-Johnny Thunders sideman keepin' the faith.

9) **THE MORNING SHAKES** PISS OFF (GET HIP) Stompin' garage R&B produced by Devil Dog-boy Steve!

10) **THE MALCONTENTS** LIQUOR STORE (SKULL) Punkest release of the issue: naked vomiting girl on the cover, limited to 110 copies and no label on the disc! Juiced up, lo-fi Only Ones style punk.

11) **THE DIALTONES** PLAYING THE BEAT (DEAD BEAT) Primo Swede-punkers. Covers the Fun Things!

12) **THE MUGWUMPS** THE JUGGLER (GROUP SOUNDS) Primo Swede-ROCKIRONROLL. Blue Cheer circa New Improved...

13) **THE COFFINSHAKERS** UNTIL THE END (PRIMITIVE ART) Primo Swede-horrorpunk. Johnny Cash sings Roky Erikson? Limited to 666 copies.

14) **THE RITCHIE WHITES** STOP ME (RAPID PULSE) Cool Gun Club-ish kinda bump & grind to this Texas (I think?) punk band.

15) **THE BLOW UP** DEAD STARS (EMPTY) Strikes a Teenage Head vibe with me and keeps it rollin'.

16) **MASTER MECHANIC** I WANNA KISS YOU (REPUBLIC OF CHESTERFIELD) Great pop punk ala the early Blondie stuff with lovely innocent girly vocals.

17) **THE SHRINKS** NOWHERE TO LIVE (RAPID PULSE) 77 punk rocknroll without the cookiecutter approach. Great singalong, slightly OI style chorus!

18) **THE FLASH EXPRESS** WHO STOLE THE SOUL (REVENGE) Funky Stooge-punk with Keith Moon on drums. Extra points for a spray painted cover!

19) **KAMIKAZES** TIME FOR ROCKNROLL (SNATCH) Wild garage powerpop ala Flamin' Groovies and The Pop.

20) **PAUL E. ESTER & THE CRUEL SHOES** EYELINER (RAPID PULSE) Stupidest Band Name Of The Issue. Great Gizmo-esque snot fest tho. (JD)

TOP 20

LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN!

BADSVILLE DVD (ACETATE-CINEMA DIABLO) Cool DVD trash fest, featuring concert & documentary footage from the likes of Texas Terri, Bubble, (x-Dogs D'Amour!) The Hangmen, The Superbees, (Watch these guys!) The Streetwalkin' Cheetahs and a host of other Hollywood Strip sleeze-mongers. More straight up rockin' and less retarded than the Decline stuff. The Ebert in me gives it a big thumbs up.

REBEL HEART - BEBE BUELL with VICTOR BOCKRIS (ST MARTINS PRESS) The longawaited, much anticipated tell-all book from one of rocks most legendary sirens. These pages detail Bebe's intimate interactions and personal points of view on some of music and entertainments true icons. Tales of Jagger, Page, Pop, Costello, Tyler, Nicholson, Rundgren and Ronnie Wood are painted with color and humor, and delivered with a loose, almost conversational lilt. As with any biography or autobiography the content is limited by the number of pages and the editors cruel knife. How does one tell ones life story in 400 pages or less? Just hit the highlights, baby. This book is stocked with plenty of juicy tidbits, informative info and insights into the private world of 70s & 80s rock starz. And some of the stories - such as the one about the British rock-dude elite fleeing in terror from the wanton lust of a horny Angie Bowie - are hysterical. Lotta fun, this sordid stuff.

THE LEGENDARY JOE MEEK, THE TELSTAR MAN - JOHN REPSCH (CHERRY RED) A dense, richly detailed portrayal of one of musics greatest enigmas. A blunt way to describe Joe Meek - and one he would surely and violently disapprove of - is to call him *The British Phil Spector*. In actuality he probably was just as talented and visionary but miles more looney and dangerous. This book is the memoir of a madman. From his outcast boyhood, to butting heads with the 50s UK studio establishment, to his rogue assault on the British music charts with the likes of The Tornados (Telstar), The Outlaws (Featuring young Ritchie Blackmore), to the King Of The Monster Raving Loonies himself, Screaming Lord Sutch! Meek's secret studio techniques are also discussed in detail, as are his many studio devices and inventions, about which he developed an overwhelming paranoia that rival engineers and producers were electronically spying on his every word! The hair-raising opening chapter on his suicide - after murdering his annoying landlady! - is followed with the life and times of a man who never seemed in sync with the rest of society. A fascinating portrayal. Affectionate, yet brutally honest, and spiced with moments of almost Python-like silliness. (JD)

MAD DADDYS THE AGE OF ASPARAGUS CD (RAFR) Greasy, sleezed up psych-a-billy from Jersey. Drenched in f-f-fuzz and reverb this longtime outfit has not only been previously produced by the Cramps, they gifted Lux & Ivy a bassplayer a wayz back. The singer has a great deadpan delivery, almost sounding like Handsome Dick at times, and the rhythm section keeps it thick and solid ala Los Sonics. When the guitarist keeps it twangy he's wonderful but he has a habit of lapsing into shred solos that just don't fit. Keep it simple, stupid. Still, a fun and cool release. (JD)

THE HIVES GUILTY AKA I-D-I-O-T CD-EP (GEARHEAD) The title track of this EP is hereby named the Raving Motherfucker Snot-Anthem Of The Issue trophy! (JD)

TEEN COOL ADOLESSONS CD-EP (PELADO) Mid-tempo garage shake ala DMZ/Lyres done with heart and attitude. *I Shit Love* wins the Song Title Of The Issue Award!

THE ANIMALS INTERESTING LIFE CD (A2) The fact that these are "New recordings of their classic hits" and are without Eric Burdon, one might be tempted to dismiss this right out of the blocks. A good listen tho reveals a great singer - not Burdon but excellent in his own right - and a band with two original animals who can still get it up. All reunions should measure up this good. And they're still the only band who can pull off a credible *Boom Boom*! (JD)

THE CHERRY VALLENCE S/T CD (ESTRUS) A wild, messy blast of howling monkeyfuck that brings to mind the Stooges at their most feral (ie: Metallic KO) and dank 70s spunk like BOC or May Blitz. This band sounds fucking dangerous. (JD)

SILVER TONGUED DEVIL RED-EYED AND TONGUE-TIED CD (GET HIP) I can hear influences like Fast Eddie-era Motorhead and Radio Birdman swinging their way outta the speakers when I stick this sucker in the ol' stereo. Love the singer, he's got one of those deep growls of a voice. And while others with similar pipes can't sing a note in tune or on-key, this cat can. One powerful disc! (JD)

THE STUNTMEN SMALL TIME CD (STEEL CAGE) I've been waiting ages for a full disc from these Philly powerpop-punksters. I am not disappointed. The crunching guitars and sweet lead vocals (Dead on Shirl/Skyhooks!) are wonderful, but those harmony vocals just kill me everytime. Shivers down my back bone... Hooks & melodies? You got 'em, every song is a hit. If you're a Beat Angels fan, a Trash Brats closet rocker or a Raspberries junkie you need to check this out. (JD)

STEPSISTER SUGAR SWEAT 8-TRACK CD (SMOG VEIL) Last time, kids: No more samples! Other than that this is a smokin' great record. Actually these are 2 different albums with different tunes and lineups, put together on one disc. The first half are sessions from 98, dual guitars and no bassplayer, this is dense and mean sounding. The 2nd half is material from 99/00 and a tad more head on rocking. The band still has the James Brown/Stooge whomp, but it seems like singer Tom Dark has eased back on the angst vocals and is singing a bit more, thus reminding me of Rob Younger's work with the New Christs. Very good inflection, I like it. Their absolute best yet. (JD)

QUICKIES

THE NOMADS UP-TIGHT CD (WHITE JAZZ) Anything with the Nomads name on it guarantees quality, hi-test rock n roll. Along with the Cynics, the best of the garagepunkster for the last couple decades. **THE SABREJETS** WILD FOR KICKS CD (IMMORTAL) The Official Sonic Iguana Trad Rockabilly Band O' The Issue! Hiccup vocals, 'verb guitars and slapped silly bass. From Belfast with attitude galore. **COCKNOOSE** WHITE TRASH MESSIAHS CD (STEELCAGE) Confederacy Of Scum tattoo'd Midwest badboys. Surprisingly hooky considering how straight up mean and downright nasty this is. America's Rose Tattoo. **CHARLIE LORENZI** DEATH VALLEY CD (NO FUN) Acoustic affair by the Killer Dolls heart throb. Jacobites, Thunders, Ian Hunter... Fave mellow release of the issue! **SAFETY PINS** INVITE US TO YOUR FUNERAL CD (DEAD BEAT) They got a Social D look on the cover photo and the sound hits me as vintage Ness. The new Mommy's L'il Monsters. **THE DROO CHURCH** IN A PASTURE BUILT FOR LOVERS CD (HALL OF RECORDS) Produced by Fastback Kurt this quirky, jerky pulls some oddly little melodic hooks outta the most unexpected bags. Raspberries meet Talking Heads meet Hard-Ons? I dunno... it's weird but I like it. **THE HELLBENDERS/SAFETY PINS** SPLIT CD (DEAD BEAT) I'm not big on the split CD concept but any disc with including the 'Benders great *Glitter & Shit* is worth snagging. The fact that this has five trax each by two great bands is gravy. **THE NOTHINGS** A LOT TO LEARN CD (AGUSTUS) 80s recordings featuring Lenny & Bob (x-Creamers, current Lazy Cowgirls) and produced by Pistol Steve Jones. Cool stuff from the vaults. **OBLIVION SEEKERS** HIGH NOON CD (REPTILICUS) Twangy, cowpunky stuff that for some reason reminds me of equal part Tex & The Horseheads and Warren Zevon. And those girl backing vox are pure Brother Ray R&B. Nice touch. Cool release. **THE BLACK WIDOWS** AROCKNAPHOBIA CD (VITAL GESTURE) Wearing masks and playing all instros are two sure ways to bore me to death but these guy manage to grab me and never let loose. Savage surf and twang action with more twist-n-turn hookage than a Davey Allan Best Of... **THE GODDAMN GENTLEMEN** SEX-CALIBER HORSEPOWER CD (UPPERCUT) Garage-Pub punk with distorto vocals and lovely Farfisa key-work. An almost Mod vibe on some tunes but more Raunch Hand-like. Wild, wild shit. I bet these guys drink a lotta beer. **THE IMMORTAL LEE COUNTY KILLERS** THE ESSENTIAL FUCKED UP BLUES CD (ESTRUS) More fun than a barrelful of John Spencers. Slide guitar from hell! I thought only the Japanese bands got this crazy?! Rave fucking on... **NEW YORK DOLLS** ENDLESS PARTY & **RICHARD HELL** DESTINY STREET (GET HIP) Re-Issued on vinyl, looking and sounding better 'n ever. Classic... buy 'em! (JD)

NIKKI SUDDEN THE LAST BANDIT DOUBLE CD (ALIVE) A double disc compilation of Best Of tracks, misc singles & rarities, and acoustic material. From romantic balladry to streethustle glamrockers, for my money nobody does it better than Nikki. Lovely collection of essential music. (JD)

THE MYSTERY ADDICTS UNLUCK AND SHAME CD (MYSTERY ADDICT) Without question, The Sleeziest, Glamrocker Of The Issue. This Dayton, Ohio (Where?!) band might be one of the best kept secrets going. I've met these guys and lemme tell ya, they are bad, bad boys. (Good bad, not evil...) When they're not breaking apart, beating up bass players or in rehab or jail I rank 'em with the Waldos, Rocket 69, The Dragons and a couple others. (JD)

GORE GORE GIRLS STRANGE GIRLS CD (GET HIP) Their first single never left my turntable for a couple months and I've been waiting for an album ever since. Raw, primitive Nugget-y acid-garage punk played by 3 wellscrubbed teen babes in Wilma Flintstone dresses. Lotta fire and passion. Lotta fun too! (JD)

THE MEOWS S/T CD (NO TOMORROW) While every band in the world seems to be tapping into the MC5, Stooges this Spanish band is more Rationals or Scott Richard Case Detroit-esque. You can really feel the garage R&B in this ramalama. And one point worth mentioning is the songwriting here is incredibly solid. Cool oil-gasoline mix of hooks and riffage. There's a righteous beat and groove here. Hell, you could even dance to this stuff! No higher recommendation!! (JD)

LIMECELL IF WE CAN'T ROCK IT'S WAR CD & **HAMMERLOCK** BAREFOOT & PREGNANT CD (STEEL CAGE) Two brutal, furious new releases from the fine folks at Steel Cage. CASE #1 - Limecell would rank a rave if only for the "Death Before Rapcore" banner plastered across the jewelcase back. Musically it's heavy, fast just plain nasty sounding. Remember Battalion Of Saints? I do. Great version of Coops, *Still Got A Long Way To Go*! CASE #2 - If Black Oak Arkansas had started out as a punk band, they'd be Hammerlock. And I love BOA! When guitarist Travis Kenny busts out the slide, well... Slide guitar within the context of punk rock is almost an unheard of thing but it sure sounds good to me. Note: this is one of the best live bands out there. If ya get the chance don't miss 'em! (JD)

CRIMSON SWEET FOIL BEACH CD-EP (SLOW GOLD) After a couple of singles which landed square in my Top 10 we finally get a CD! Gloriously lo-fi, rockin' but with some deliciously spaced out lapses, as on the title track. Ms Rooster has that pissed, early Patti Smith vibe without the pretensions. (JD)

BITE OFF THE HOOK CD (DIRTY DISC) San Francisco gutter punk combo fronted by the wickedly hot Ms Chelsea Rose. I can hear the fun of first album Blondie, the hooks galore of Nikki & The Corvettes and plenty of glammy California street punk. And the carnal sexbeat of *Bad Girls (Go To Hell)* - with it's memorable chorus of, *Get out of my way and have a nice day...* - should serve as an anthem to all of you liberated women out there! I think I'm in L-U-V!! (JD)

FATAL FLYING GUILLOTINES THE NOW HUSTLE FOR NEW DIABOLIKS CD (ESTRUS) Utterly crucial shit. As fucked up, fucking feral and fuck you as it gets. A young Jagger singing over Trout Mask Replica? Maybe not, but this is seriously scary-ass skuzz at it's best. And they look like such nice boys in their promo photo... I bet they ain't. (JD)

V/A SOULFUL SOUNDS FROM SOULVILLE CD (GET HIP ARCHIVES) If you were around in the 60s and 70s chances are that your radio was kept busy blasting out the sweet sounds of a multitude of talented soul and R&B acts from the Motown and Stax Records stable. And there were also literally hundreds, if not thousands, of smaller regional labels who tried to duplicate those labels success with the occasional one-hit-wonder with little, if any, luck nationally. Luck, being the keyword, because judging for these 25 tracks compiled from the Jaywalking/Soulville catalog the talent and quality was there. There are a broad spectrum of fine, soulful sounds represented. From more commercial efforts from The Soulville Allstars and The Continental Four, to prime funky dance numbers like Ray Gant & The Arabian Knights' *Chattanooga Walk.* Another standout track comes from label founder Bobby Fulton, whose *It's Good To Be Lonely* has that easy bop of a Young Rascals hit. Fave cut? Watson & The Sherlocks *Standing On The Corner.* Horn charts galore ala James Brown! Get down! (JD)

TRUST FUND BABIES S/T LP (RAPID PULSE) Another great punkfest from the snotty fuckers at Rapid Pulse! Slashing guitars & bratty vocals galore!

Capt Oi! - Continued from page 35

rockNroll goonz. The second record in particular is a gem! What a long lost classic! They're nice and loud so crank em up really high!

EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS - Teenage Depression & Life on the Line - RockNroll was the first priority for these hot rockin chaps, sounding better than ever here. Just like Slaughter the second album is even better than the first, just one smokin track after another! It also includes the single tracks they recorded with Rob Tyner singing lead, so good! Damn, these great songs have aged so nicely! The live tracks might be the best tunes on here, and I am definitely a live album hater, these are so good I may just change my ways.

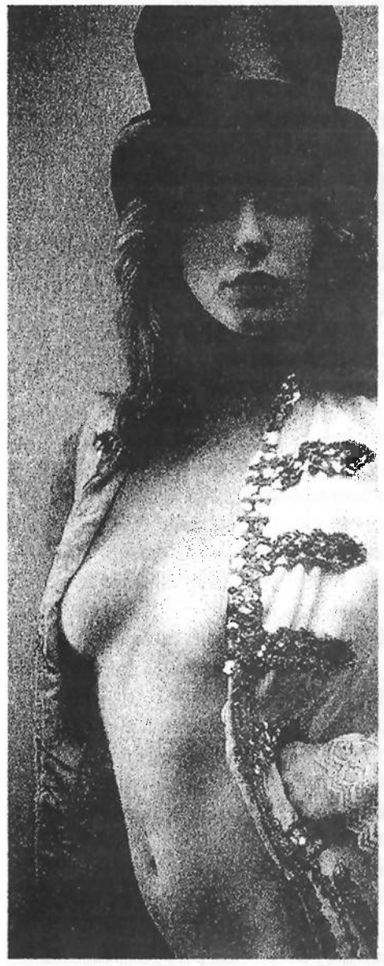
WANDERERS - Only Lovers Left Alive - Stiv and the Sham 69 boys did a hell of a job on this long lost classic. Not quite as good as solo Stiv or the Lords but you can definitely hear the progression between the two at work here. Production is a little dated but overall holds up quite well considering the time period. You will definitely wanna get your grubby little mitts on this platter right here, quite a rarity.

ANTI NOWHERE LEAGUE - Singles and Rarities 1981-84 - As my man Gunther says the League are simply the best FUCK YOU punk band ever! *I Hate People* is my all time anthem, I find myself singing it at least a coupla times a week, dealing with moron after moron. Plus *So What* is so fucking fun to sing I get a hell of a giggle every time. Too bad they went straight down the shitter, but you can't argue with these early songs. Hail the Anti Nowhere League!

SAINTS - I'm Stranded & Eternally Yours - I am truly at a loss for what to say about these C-L-A-S-S-I-C rekids. Not only are they maybe the best punk records ever released, you could definitely make a case for Top 10 best EVER, no matter the style. Quite simply it doesn't get any more perfect than this. *Messin With The Kid* gets me EVERY time. There are no stronger debut and second albums out there as far as I'm concerned. Come on, your old records are worn out give 'em a break! Ya might wanna buy two each of these while your at it cuz you'll probably wear a hole right through them. They sound so good and loud and TIMELESS, I just push play over N over N over N over again. No matter what the mood the early Saints can't be beat! Truly GREAT and absolutely the most underrated band of all time. I gotta go listen to these again so that will just about do it. SAINTS, SAINTS, SAINTS!!! (MF)

BEBE BUELL

(legendary rocker, model, playboy centerfold, author)



1) Weirdest place you ever did it?
In an airplane bathroom with (Stiv) Bators
2) Fave Chinese food?
Vegetarian dumplings with Japanese wasabi
3) Fave Ramones tune?
The whole Road To Ruin album.
4) Sexiest person in rock n roll?
Scott Wieland
5) Band you hate the most?
Linkin Park
6) If a mad scientist crossed you with 2 other animals, what would they be?
A leopard and a Chihuahua
7) Alcoholic beverage of choice?
Tattingers Pink Champagne or a watermelon martini
8) Fave record of all time?
Sticky Fingers (Stones) and Raw Power (Stooges)
9) Biggest asshole in music you've ever met?
Kevin DuBrow (The follically challenged, 2nd rung Noddy Holder has-been from Quiet Riot - ed)
10) Have you ever seen a ghost?
Yes. I was in a hotel in Sienna, Italy with Liv (Tyler, daughter-actress-model) and we stayed in a room that was supposed to be haunted by a sea captain. In the middle of the night Liv felt someone in the room with her and we heard the sound of the window latch. So we turned on the light and the window was open. The owner of the hotel just laughed and said, *It was the Captain...*

CHELA PEEP

(legendary tough girl and bass player of The Peeps)

1) Weirdest place you ever did it?
In a garbage can. It was very romantic
2) Last video/DVD rented or bought?
I just got BEAN the movie, starring MR. BEAN
3) Fave Chinese food?
Cream of sumyoung guy with beef and broccoli
4) Your dream car?
A yellow corvette t-top with a blue racing stripe up the center
5) Sexiest person in rock n roll?
Jeff Dahl (Wanna fuck? - ed)
6) Band you hate the most?
The Peeps cover band(s)
7) If a mad scientist crossed you with 2 other animals, what would they be?
A fish so I could swim really fast and a cricket so I could jump really high
8) Alcoholic beverage of choice?
Whiskey
9) Worst concert you've ever seen?
Nelson
10) Biggest asshole in music you've ever met?
Jeff Dahl (So I suppose a blow job is out of the question? - ed)

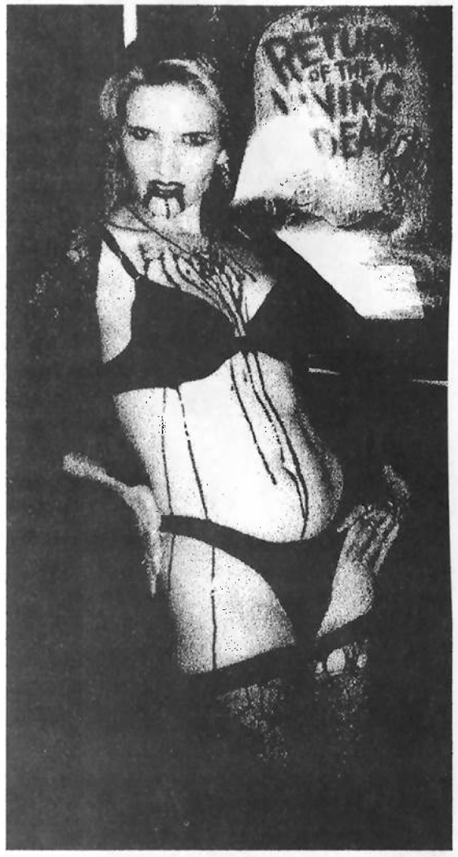
NIKKI CORVETTE

(legendary leader of punk girl group, Nikki & The Corvettes)

1) Weirdest place you ever did it?
On a random person's front porch
2) Last video/DVD rented or bought?
It was either something really stupid or something really violent
3) Fave Chinese food?
Kung poa chicken
4) Fave Ramones tune?
I have to narrow it down to one? I can't... Sedated tied with You Sound Like You're Sick
5) Your dream car?
1965 Ford Fairlane
6) Band you hate the most?
Queensryche
7) If a mad scientist crossed you with 2 other animals, what would they be?
A cat and an otter
8) Alcoholic beverage of choice?
Alize (Cognac flavored with passion fruit or cranberry & passion fruit)
9) Worst concert you've ever seen?
Lou Reed - early 80's... I love him, but I fell asleep
10) Biggest asshole in music you've ever met?
Kim Fowley!!!

DINAH CANCER

(legendary 45 Grave & Penis Flytrap goth sex symbol)



1) Weirdest place you ever did it?
In a car, doing 90 miles an hour, driving from Phoenix to LA. It was intense. I think we hit a cactus
2) Last video/DVD rented or bought?
Suspiria, the 3 disk set
3) Fave Chinese food?
Orange chicken
4) Fave Ramones tune?
Rockaway Beach or Beat On The Brat
5) Your dream car?
67' Cadillac Hearse
6) If a mad scientist crossed you with 2 other animals, what would they be?
A bat for flight and a panther
7) Alcoholic beverage or choice?
Jack Daniels
8) Fave record of all time?
KISS ALIVE
9) Worst concert you've ever seen?
I don't remember, I was too high at the time
10) Biggest asshole in music you've ever met?
There are too many...

ROXY MUSIC

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